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THE

MILITARY MENTOR:

BEING A

SERIES OF LETTERS

RECENTLY WRITTEN BY

A GENERAL OFFICER

TO

HIS SON,

ON HIS ENTERING THE ARMY:

COMPRISING A COURSE OF ELEGANT INSTRUCTION, CALCULATED TO UNITE THE CHARACTERS AND ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE SOLDIER.

FIFTH EDITION.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

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1809.

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PREFACE.

THE Public are here presented with a series of Letters written by a distinguished and accomplished General Officer to his Son. In the present situation of the country, and under the circumstance of the recent establishment of a system of military education, their publication may be neither useless nor unacceptable, by offering a Manual to encourage in the minds of young officers an ardour for noble and valiant achievements.

THE Writer has taken pains to illustrate his positions by the examples of the most celebrated heroes who have graced the page of history; and it affords him pride, that many of these illustrations are derived from the annals of his countrymen. The Examples will frequently be found to exhibit wonderful proofs of the energy of the human mind, where no motives of ade-

quate interest offered themselves to animate exertion; and it will appear that the simple feeling of dignified honour has prompted the greatest deeds, in states the most arbitrary and in situations the most depressing. What then may not be expected from the British soldier who is so powerfully excited in support of the prosperity of his own free and happy country?

The Writer has directed it to be acknowledged, that the plan and outline of these Letters were originally suggested by an elegant work which appeared about twenty years since in the French language, entitled "*Conseils d'un Militaire à son Fils; par M. le Baron d'A****, Colonel d'Infanterie.*" That work, however, was characterised so strongly by the national spirit of the author, that it was necessary, in adapting even any parts of it to the feelings of an English reader, to omit anecdotes which owed their place only to French vanity, and substitute others, no less applicable, and more worthy of sober attention. The two books will in fact be

found to differ as much in their contents and spirit as the English character differs from the French.

THE work above referred to bears the date of 1784. Its merit was well known in France, where it had attained a very high respect and consideration; and accordingly, since the first edition of the present LETTERS was committed to the press, it has been found that it has been recently republished at Paris, under a different title, "*Le Guide du Jeune Militaire;*" with numerous interpolations, consisting of examples drawn or pretended to be drawn from the effects of the revolutionary frenzy, obviously for the purpose of flattering powerful individuals in the French government. The manner in which the French editor has executed this part of his business indeed is not very skilful; and whole pages which, in the original and respectable work, are devoted to an enumeration of the peculiar virtues and qualities of Turenne, are now converted, by the change of names only, into panegyrics of their revolutionary chiefs. It

is scarcely necessary to observe, that in preparing for the press this new Edition of the present LETTERS, no use has been made of these French *improvements*.

THESE Volumes are now a fifth time offered to the public favour, of which they have already enjoyed a very great portion: and are addressed to the British Army, and to the conductors of our Military Seminaries, as a system of Military Ethics calculated to produce correct feelings upon all the points of conduct on which a soldier can be called to exercise his reason.

DURING the present spring, the Editor has submitted to the Public three volumes of Essays on the Practice of the Art of War; and he hopes this new work will be found not less worthy of public patronage than the Military Mentor.

April 12, 1809.

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LETTERS

FROM A

GENERAL OFFICER

TO

HIS SON.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR SON,

YOU are now on the point of entering on a career, brilliant indeed, but surrounded with difficulties; and as we are separated by so great a distance, I wish by a course of epistolary correspondence, to prepare and fortify your mind beforehand. In your present situation you stand in need of advice; and a father who flatters himself with finding in you the comfort and the support of his declining years, is too deeply interested in your happiness to mislead you,

Receive his instructions then with confidence, and docility, for they will all be dictated by tenderness.

YOU have made choice of a profession with which the majority of young men consider independance, pleasure, and idleness, as inseparably connected. But do not fall with them, into so fatal an error. Understand better the course you are about to take: there is none that requires more genius and talents; more strength of mind, as well as of body; that calls for greater self-denial, a stricter government over your passions, closer application, more ready obedience, or a more rigid attention to your general conduct.

THIS representation will surprise you, if you have hitherto listened only to those headstrong and misguided young officers, who fancy their uniform is alone sufficient to attract respect; that their commission will serve them instead of knowledge, talents, and virtue; and that bravery is all that is requisite in fulfilling the duties of their profession.

AGREE with these, so far as to think that the profession of a soldier is the most honourable; but remember, that it is so considered, only on account of the talents and the virtues which form

apart of the soldier's character. It is upon him that the other classes of the community, who are occupied with the various business of civil life, depend for their safety and protection: they consider a soldier as at all times ready to shed his blood for the liberty, the honour, and the glory of his country; for the preservation of their property, the defence of his sovereign, and the public good.

But this noble devotedness will excite the gratitude and esteem of your fellow-citizens, only in proportion as your talents are rendered useful to the state, and found to merit its confidence. This is what you must be ambitious to obtain; and this is the only road that, apart from the aid of patronage, can conduct you to eminence. Without this laudable emulation, however brave you may be, you may for ever remain in the lowest ranks. You must look for success in your career, solely to your own courage and conduct. If the principles which I have impressed upon your youth, cannot inspire you with this generous emulation, without which the path to glory and to honour, is a path only of difficulty,—stop here, and unite yourself at once with the humbler rank of citizen: I should feel less mortified by your obscurity, and it would be less disgraceful

to yourself, to live unknown and undistinguished, than to fail in a career upon which you ought not to enter without the resolution to arrive at honourable distinction, or to die crowned with the applauses of your sovereign and your country.

Do not suffer this view of your situation to discourage you, but on the contrary, let it inflame your bosom with that heroic enthusiasm, with which it is my object to inspire you, and which can alone conduct you to eminence and honour. I will attempt to delineate the path which you are called to tread. I shall not perhaps show it, as it may have been presented to you, strewed only with flowers: but consider, that the more painful it is, the more honourable; and that in proportion as the commencement is difficult, the end will be glorious. Let this urge you to be laborious, persevering, indefatigable: for if you suffer yourself to be discouraged in your course, you will never arrive at the goal.

You will find in these letters, the fruit of my experience and of my reflections. "He that confines himself to his own views only," says an old author, "however just they may be, is, in most cases, less likely to improve, than he that adopts, compares, and enlarges upon, the thoughts of others. In all ages, men have been accustomed

to think from one another. It is only after an attention to the best authors, and consulting such as have drawn their reflections from experience, that we can treat with confidence any subject upon which we design to write."

THE various instructions contained in my future following letters shall be supported by facts recorded in history. Thus the precept and the example confirming each other, will, I trust, produce the effects I so ardently desire. Consider them well; familiarise your mind with the maxims of the illustrious warriors and great men whose language I have borrowed, and make their sentiments the rule of your actions; they will assuredly conduct you to glory and to happiness. May I live to be the witness of this, and may it be one day my greatest pride to be called your father!

LETTER II.

ON HEALTH AND BODILY STRENGTH.

NATURE has in vain been lavish of her endowments, and in vain will an officer have acquired all the intellectual qualifications necessary to his station, if he is so unfortunate as to be prevented, by constitutional weakness, from availing himself of these advantages, and is unable to support the fatigues of a campaign. "Health," says Montaigne, "is one of the most precious of gifts; without this, life itself is scarcely tolerable: pleasure, wisdom, learning, and virtue, destitute of this, lose all their attractions."

HE then who devotes himself to the profession of arms, ought to do every thing in his power to preserve a treasure so inestimable, and to avoid every excess which might endanger it. Choose your pleasures, and enjoy them: but let them be of such a character as reason and honour may approve; and in order to possess them long, partake of them sparingly. Young men, thinking they have so much health and time be-

fore them, are very apt to neglect or lavish both, and reduce themselves before they are aware: whereas a prudent economy in each, far from breaking in upon their pleasures, would improve, and almost perpetuate them. Be wiser, my son; and before it is too late, manage both with care and frugality; and lay out neither, but upon good interest and security. The elder Scipio was never known to give into the fashionable debaucheries and excesses to which the young people at Rome wantonly abandoned themselves. But he was sufficiently compensated for this self-denial of all destructive pleasures, by the vigorous health he enjoyed during his whole life; which enabled him to taste pleasures of a much purer and more exalted kind, and to perform the actions that reflected so much glory upon him. How deplorable is the lot of him, who by his excesses is rendered prematurely infirm! We see frequent examples of those who, incapable of resisting the allurements of indolence, have closed an inglorious life, by a death yet more disgraceful. Excesses which lead to such a termination, cannot surely be pleasures suited to a delicate and sensible mind.

The military profession is not designed for debauchees, nor for such as are too fond of ease:

it requires, in a higher degree than any other, that bodily vigour which can bear with indifference, or even with cheerfulness, inconveniences and difficulties. A strong and robust constitution commonly indicates strength and energy of mind, though this is a circumstance not sufficiently attended to in our military institutions. With us, education is wholly moral; nature is left to take care of herself.

MANY who embrace the profession of arms, are determined in their choice only by their hope of leading a life of greater gaiety, freedom and ease, than they had been accustomed to beneath the paternal roof. To such indeed as are content with the idea of remaining undistinguished in their first station, or their original rank, or that which they may attain by the assistance of influence, or by the regular and slow gradation, the life of a soldier may in some degree present a prospect of that kind; but those who are animated with a noble emulation, and eager to overleap the multitude of competitors standing between them and such honours, cannot accustom themselves too early to all the inclemencies and changes of seasons, hunger, thirst, fatigue, watchings, and every other inconvenience to which a soldier is exposed.

LYCURGUS, fully persuaded that bodily vigour is the most indispensable requisite of a soldier, considered the education of children as the first and most important object in a wise legislation. To this must be ascribed the heroic character by which those of his nation were distinguished in their mature age. A stranger one day said to the wife of Leonidas: "You Lacedemonians are the only women upon earth that command men." "Because," replied she, "we are the only women that produce men." And what men, in fact, were these Lacedemonians? They were trained entirely to the virtues and the qualifications necessary to form warriors; the Spartan women loved only the brave; cowards were avoided and despised by them.

WHAT a vast difference between their education and ours! the one no less proper for the production of ruggedness and heroism, than the other of softness and effeminacy. You have not been nurtured according to either extreme; I have neglected nothing that might ensure the future welfare of your body as well as of your mind: but all my cares will be rendered ineffectual if you give yourself up to that disgraceful effeminacy of which, in the present day, we have so many examples: and if you do not perceive

how important it is to a young soldier, and to an officer of light troops in particular, to possess a constitution capable of bearing fatigue, watchings, and hunger, and of partaking cheerfully of that coarse and unwholesome diet to which he may be often reduced.

HOPE not that by advancing in your career, your task will become less painful. The greatest masters in the art of war have held it their indispensable duty, to set an example to their soldiers, of enduring the privations to which their whole army were exposed. Charles the Twelfth, in the height of his glory, slept on a bear's skin thrown upon two trusses of straw, on which he lay down in his clothes, in the same way as the meanest soldier! The count de la Marck, ambassador from France, whom this prince greatly esteemed, persuaded him to suffer a bed to be prepared for him, to which he consented, for the first time since the war; but this bed consisted only of a single mattrass, a pair of sheets, a quilt, and no hangings. Charles lay down at ten o'clock, and rose at two, in all seasons of the year; and on rising mounted his horse immediately. At five or six he returned, and was closeted with his ministers. He on no occasion took off his boots, but when he retired to rest. He

dined at four, and never made more than one meal a-day; a plain soup, a ragout, and some poultry, served in one course, and without any dessert, composed the whole of this royal repast. His only drinking vessel was a goblet of beaten iron; his beverage was water; and he admitted no more than nine covers at his table, though his guests consisted of general officers and other persons of distinguished rank. After dinner the conversation ordinarily turned upon war, and on this subject the king could talk as well as he could act. Under such a monarch, what officer would dare to forget or to neglect any of the duties of his station?

COUNT WILLIAM, of Schaumburg-Lippe, a field-marshal in the Portuguese service, lived exactly as the men of his army, wherever he commanded; and during a siege, passed every night in the trenches with them. At the siege of Cassel, which was carried on during the severest April weather, he never even pulled off the clothes in which he had lain on the ground, nor would be shaved, that he might not enjoy the least preference above the private men.

SUWARROW, when in the height of his glory, led the simple life of a soldier, and never indulged in luxury and pomp. He slept but a few hours,

on a bed of hay, and in a tent, during nearly all the seasons of the year. He rose at one o'clock in the morning; and ate his only meal, a plain and frugal repast, at eight. His usual dress, both in winter and summer, was a linen or cotton coat, which on the day of battle he commonly exchanged for a short jacket.

When he arrived at Vienna, at the hotel of the Russian ambassador, he immediately ordered all the superfluous furniture to be removed from the apartments fitted up for his reception. Instead of the beds of down, a couch was prepared for him on the ground, of hay and straw, over which was a mattrass: the soft silken chairs were exchanged for hard matted stools; and all the looking-glasses taken out of the room. He had an extraordinary aversion to looking-glasses, and did not make use of any during the last twenty years of his life. The empress Catherine, knowing this peculiarity in his character, always gave him audience in a room without that article of furniture*.

PRINCE MAURICE of Orange thought that a general of an army could scarcely be guilty of

* SUWARROW's personal manners and military character are delineated at some length in LETTER XXXIII. (Vol. 2).

a greater crime than that of indulging himself in laying a long time in bed. In him who commands only twenty men, yet greater vigilance is required; for the general has those who always watch for him, whereas the subaltern is himself charged in some measure with the care and safety of the army.

TURENNE pressed hard upon the town of Venant. To raise the siege, it was necessary to seize on a convoy, which, under an escort of only three squadrons, was coming to the French army at Bethune. Don Juan of Austria, general of the Spanish army, and the marquis of Carazane who commanded under him, slept every day after dinner in their carriages. The convoy appeared; but such was the rigour of ceremony with respect to persons of their rank, that no one dared to awaken them. The prince de Ligne, who was at the head of the cavalry, foamed with rage; but by the regulations established in Spain, it would have cost him his head if he had dared to make an attack without orders. The convoy reached the French camp in safety; and the generals learnt as soon as they woke, that after this it was impossible to save the place.

IT is not sufficient that the officer does not disgust by his effeminacy; he ought to encourage

and to animate by his example. The soldier, when exposed to every kind of fatigue, and compelled to the hardest duties, bears them with cheerfulness if he sees his officers sharing them with him. In such cases, example effects much more than threats and punishments: he then sees the absolute necessity of labour, and will be ashamed to refuse it: he perceives in his officer a brave comrade; and this consideration, by affecting his heart, augments his confidence, his esteem, and his respect.

CATO was fully aware of the power of example. To retrieve the war in Africa against Cesar, and to unite with the other chiefs of the republic, it was necessary to pass the burning deserts of Barca. This had been before deemed impracticable. The sage Roman began the march on foot, at the head of his troops, clothed in all his armour, in the same manner as the lowest soldier; and carrying the *pila* (javelins) in his hands. The army, animated by his example, passed these deserts in thirty days. It was during this march, that in a dreadful scarcity of water, a soldier pressed forward to bring to Cato in his helmet, the little which accident led him to discover; when this brave and wise general, turning up the helmet, found means, with a small supply

of muddy water, to allay the thirst of his whole army.

Excussit galeam; cunctis et sufficit unda *.

THE soldier has not confidence in his officers, but in proportion as he sees them shew a willingness to share their fortune with him. When he is exposed to the inclemency of the seasons, forced to sleep on the bare ground; and suffering hunger and thirst; if at the same time he sees his officer, well clothed and wrapped up, sleeping in a good bed, and living luxuriously, he murmurs at the comparison which he draws, and is soon disgusted with his own situation.

A YOUNG foreigner, wealthy and of distinguished birth, was desirous of making a campaign as a volunteer in the Prussian armies, with a view of learning the art of war in that excellent school. He appeared there with a superb equipage, a table profusely furnished, and all the other appendages of opulence and luxury. He was soon greatly surprised however to see himself treated with very little attention or respect. He was always posted either with the baggage or the

* "He threw out the water—which thus proved sufficient to satisfy them all."

hospital, and had even the mortification of not being present at the battle of Rosbach. Finding that the representations which he caused at different times to be made to the king of Prussia did not produce any effect, he determined to go himself and state his complaint to his majesty. "Your manner of living in my camp," said Frederic to him in reply, "is disgraceful: it is impossible, without economy and self-denial, to support the fatigues and the duties of war; and if you are unable to submit to the discipline of the Prussian armies, I beg you to return speedily to your own country."

THAT martial air which denotes health and vigour, and a noble and open carriage the token of sincerity, are the most becoming of all military attire. Nothing more disgusts a soldier, or is less calculated to inspire him with confidence in his officer, than to observe the latter minutely attentive in decorating himself, or affecting a light and frivolous manner. He reasons correctly, in supposing that the officer who is so much occupied with his personal appearance, must be deficient in more important qualities. Accomplishments so opposite are not to be ordinarily expected in the same character. If the fop reflected that the most interesting figure in the eyes

not only of men, but of women also, is the scarred

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The Military Mentor: Being a Series
of Letters Recently Wr

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them all slaves: Cresus begged him to pardon them: "but," added he, "that they may no more rebel, or be troublesome to you, command them to lay aside their arms, and to wear long vests and buskins, thus vying with each other in the elegance and richness of their dress. Order them to sing and play on the harp, let them drink and debauch, and you will soon see their spirit broken, and themselves changed from men to women, so that they will no more rebel, or give you any uneasiness." The event answered to the advice.

AFTER the conquest of Asia, the manners of the Romans greatly degenerated. Depravity became extreme: the youth, effeminated by the delicacies of the East, adopted the taste, habits, and vices, of players and courtesans, whom it became the fashion to admire and to imitate. It was not uncommon to see these infatuated men affecting the demeanour, the lascivious step, and even the voice, of these women; whom they soon surpassed in their effeminacy, and corruption of manners. At the battle of Pharsalia, Julius Cesar, whose vigilance nothing escaped, ordered his soldiers to aim their javelins at the faces of these young voluptuaries: "*Miles, fa-*

tiem feri!"* It happened as Cesar had foreseen: these unworthy Romans, vainly attached to their own personal beauty, suddenly betook themselves to flight, from the dread and horror of being disfigured by a wound. This revolution in manners is the epoch of the decline of the empire. "Luxury," observes the poet, "more powerful and more fatal than all the armies of their enemies, subdued Rome, and revenged the wrongs of the vanquished universe†."

EFFEMINACY enervates the body, as voluptuousness enfeebles the mind. Health is destroyed by excess of pleasure, and courage is lessened by long idleness; both are maintained only by exercise. How can it be expected that our young officers, intoxicated with luxury, accustomed to all the comforts and delights of life, and softened by pleasures of every description, will be able to support the fatigues and the difficulties of war?

I CANNOT conclude this Letter more usefully than by some instructions, the result of experience, relative to the preservation of your health, amidst the attacks upon it, to which the very

* "Soldier, strike at the face!"

† "*Victum ulciscitur orbem.*" LUCAN.

nature of your military duties will incessantly expose you.

THE employment of a soldier obliges him to be abroad at all seasons. Habit therefore inures him to many changes which to others would be fatal; but there are precautions to be taken against unhealthy seasons or situations, of which he ought not to be ignorant. The effects produced by the weather on living bodies, principally depend on its degree of heat or cold. Experience however has shown, that health may be preserved even during considerable extremities of heat or of cold, provided the weather be dry. The combination of heat or cold with moisture, is the chief source of disease.

During great degrees of heat, officers should endeavour to get the marches or military manœuvres finished before noon. Where that is impossible, they will find considerable protection from the rays of the sun by introducing a folded handkerchief between the hat and head. The same contrivance placed between the shoulders, or on the breast, produces a great degree of coolness, not only by absorbing the perspiration, but by producing a cavity through which the air

circulates freely; and it is a much safer practice than throwing open the breast.

When over-heated, it is extremely dangerous to lie down in the shade; and still more so to drink largely of cold water. Those persons endure heat the best, who drink the least. Thirst may often be allayed by washing the mouth with a little water, without swallowing any of it*.

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* Innumerable are the examples of death being the immediate consequence of taking a copious draught of cold water when the body was heated by exercise. To such accidents no class of men are more liable than the military. After a hot and toilsome march, with the mouth parched and full of dust, and the limbs fatigued by exertion, it requires no small effort of steadiness and resolution to withstand the allurement of a refreshing stream: but let it be remembered that the draught, in such a state, may cause the speedy privation of life. If, however, neither the voice of reason, nor the fatal examples of those who have perished from this cause, are sufficient to produce restraint in drinking a quantity of cold liquor when the body is preternaturally heated, take the following precautions:

1. Grasp the vessel out of which you are about to drink, for a minute or longer, with both your hands; this will abstract a portion of heat from the body, and at the same time impart it to the cold liquor.

2. If you are not furnished with a cup, and are obliged to drink by bringing your mouth in contact with a stream

But above all, let every one who values his health, avoid drinking spirits when heated; this is adding fuel to fire, and is apt to produce the most dangerous inflammatory complaints. Sometimes, indeed, if a person passes from extreme heat and fatigue to absolute rest (which ought always to be avoided), a small quantity of spirits taken into the stomach will prevent the bad consequences which might arise from cooling too suddenly.

It is extremely dangerous to sleep exposed to the noon-day rays of a scorching sun.

The air of the night, after a very hot day, is often agreeably cold. It is, however, very dangerous to yield to the pleasing freshness which is produced by being exposed to it. Those who are obliged to be out should use some additional clothing, at least a flannel waistcoat*;

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which issues from a pump or a spring, always wash your hands and face previously to your drinking, with a little of the cold water: by receiving the shock of the water first upon those parts of the body, a portion of the heat is conveyed away, and the vital parts are thereby defended (in a small degree) from the action of the cold.

* When flannel is worn, it should always be *next to the skin*. Flannel drawers and under-waistcoats are much preferable to linings of the same materials.

and even fortify themselves by drinking a small quantity of spirits.

In this country the bad effects of cold, especially joined with moisture, are more to be dreaded than those of heat. Winter expeditions are not to be dreaded as unhealthy, if you are provided with stout shoes*, warm quarters, and

* MILITARY shoes ought to be roomy, and to rise high on the ancle.

The advantage of easy shoes was strikingly illustrated by some of our regiments who were in Canada during the American war. Of those men who were obliged to substitute such shoes as are used by the inhabitants (formed of a piece of hide dressed with the hair, and simply tied on the feet by the corners), not one was affected by the cold; while many who wore the usual regimental shoes, lost their toes, and even their feet, in consequence of their being frost-bitten.

Another advantage attending large shoes is, that they admit of the introduction of some hay or straw. The utility of doing this in hot weather may be learnt from the practice of waggoners who make long journeys on foot. Nothing refreshes the fees more, nor enables them better to bear fatigue; but the straw ought to be renewed at every convenient opportunity.

A PRINTED paper was circulated from the War-office, in the month of October, 1797, to the following purport:

Cure for soreness of feet in travelling. A method has

plenty of provisions. Moderate degrees of cold may be counteracted by exercise. The body

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been discovered, and has received the authority of his Majesty's *patent*, for preparing a certain material which has thus, on experiment, been found most effectually, and in the simplest manner possible, to prevent or remove the soreness which soldiers often suffer in their feet during or after a march; and the inventor, from a desire to promote the advantage of the service, has published this communication for the purpose of putting the benefit of the discovery within the power of every soldier, independently of the patent right.—Method of preparation: the gut called by butchers the bung-gut, of an ox, cow, or sheep, is to be cleansed by scraping it gently with a blunt knife (or an edged stick) and water, and is then to be inflated till it is dry: when the wind is to be expelled; and the skin, which will occupy but a small space, laid by for use. When required, a piece sufficient to cover the whole or any part of the foot that is injured, is to be applied, softened in water; and, as it has already appeared by report of the regiments in which it was tried, it never once failed of effect. Either side may be used: but the outside is the best; except when applied for the purpose of prevention, by those who have the skin of their feet naturally very rigid and dry. One intestine will make five or six coverings; and may be purchased for about a penny: each of the pieces used in the experiments lasted three days, and some five. In warm countries it must be of particular utility, as a defence against the insects with which the sand abounds.

should be kept constantly in motion; and all inclination to stand still or to sleep, stedfastly resisted: for, in this case, sleep would prove the certain harbinger of death.

Not a more dangerous error exists, than the notion that the habitual use of spirituous liquors prevents the effects of cold: on the contrary, the truth is, that those who drink most frequently of them, are soonest affected by severe weather. The daily use of these liquors tends greatly to emaciate and waste the strength of the body; and it may with truth be asserted, that of those who fall victims to the severity of cold in this country, half at least have accelerated its effects by the misuse of spirits.

If a person, or any part of his body, be benumbed or frost-bitten by extreme cold, it is highly dangerous to expose him suddenly to the heat of a fire; the certain consequence of such indiscretion, is general or partial death. Life is either extinguished by the sudden transition, or some part becomes livid and mortifies. The safest way is to rub the part affected with snow, or to immerse it in water so cold as nearly to freeze, till its natural heat and colour be gradually restored: small cupfulls of strong nourishing soup, but not very hot, may be given from time to

time internally*. This is the mode used, and sanctioned by long experience, in Russia: where these accidents are so frequent, that it is a common act of politeness to warn a man of his nose, ear, or chin, being frost-bitten; of which he himself is insensible, though the change of colour immediately indicates it to a spectator.

For the defence of coasts and landing-places, it is frequently necessary to form a camp on levels in the neighbourhood of the sea, or on the low and marshy banks of rivers. Such situations are always inimical to the health of troops. A man should be careful not to expose himself to the air of these places with an empty stomach. If he be obliged to go out early in the morning, let him take a small glass of pure spirits: it is in such situations only, that the use of spirits can be reckoned wholesome. But even then, their good effects will be lost on those who have taken them habitually for a considerable time†.

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* The use of strong spirituous liquors under these circumstances is very properly condemned; as being often fatal in their effects, and that instantaneously.

† It would be well if military men were more generally impressed with a conviction of the propriety, and even public necessity, of attentions to the preservation of their health, in situations which may be supposed to en-

Long-continued rains will produce, in situations naturally dry, the same bad consequences

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danger it. "Health," observes a recent professional writer, "is the main spring of action, both in public and private affairs; it is that, without which all our motions must languish, and our designs become vain. The health of an army must therefore be of equal importance with its existence; or rather, an army without health is a burden to the state it was intended to serve. In modern times, the issue of a campaign is as frequently determined by sickness as by battle. In all European armies, more men are sacrificed by disease than by the sword; and the laurel is at least as often withered on the hero's brow by the pestilential blast of contagion, as torn from it by the nervous arm of strength."

This sentiment, indeed, was long before expressed in a more copious and forcible manner. "The life of a modern soldier," says Johnson, truly, "is ill represented by heroic fiction. War has means of destruction more formidable than the cannon or the sword. Of the thousands and ten thousands that perished in our contest with France and Spain, a very small part ever felt the stroke of an enemy. The rest languished in tents and ships, amidst damps and putrefaction, pale, torpid, spiritless, and helpless, gasping and groaning unpitied, among men made obdurate by long continuance of helpless misery; and were at last whelmed in pits, or heaved into the ocean, without notice and without remembrance. By incommodious encampments and unwholesome stations, where courage is useless and enterprise impracticable, fleets are silently dispeopled, and melted away."

as result from those which are usually moist; and of course the same precautions become requisite, to guard against them. The best preventive against the effects of temporary wetting with rain, is to strip entirely; and after having rubbed the skin dry, to wash the whole surface of the body with pure spirits. This practice is successfully used by the inhabitants of the West India islands, where to be soaked with rain is often attended with fatal consequences. The effects of partial wetting, as of the shoulders or legs, ought to be remedied by a partial treatment of the same kind; for the strongest constitution is not at all times proof against the chilling tendency of damp clothes.

In damp weather, an officer may improve the air in his tent by burning some spirits, tobacco, or wetted gunpowder. Habitual tobacco-smoking within tents ought to be prohibited, for to many individuals it is intolerably inconvenient and noxious: it has also been remarked, that men who thus smoked were soonest affected with colds, as well as some other diseases. The notion that once prevailed, of tobacco preventing contagion, is now ascertained to be false; and if it were otherwise, it would be equally effectual burned in chafers, as when drawn into the lungs.

During rainy seasons, while an army is in a settled position, the tents might be thatched, after the manner recommended by prince Ferdinand of Germany; and little huts above ground might be erected for the officers. But pits sunk under the surface of the earth, are always unwholesome and damp*.

* Some remarks on the subject of military exercises as conducing to the Health of troops, are inserted in the notes on Letter xxvi. (Vol. 2).

LETTER III.

ON BRAVERY AND COURAGE.

BRAVERY is not a quality which may be acquired. We either have it at our birth, or we shall never have it. Reflection is useless in making us brave: it is a virtue of the heart.

WHEN I say bravery is innate, I distinguish it from courage. These two qualities, often confounded together, are not so often united, as separate and unconnected. Courage seems a quality essential to a commander; bravery is more necessary to the soldier. Bravery lies in the blood; courage in the soul: the former is a species of instinct; the latter is a real virtue: the one a mechanical movement; the other, a sublime and noble sentiment. Bravery shows itself at certain periods, and in certain circumstances; courage at every instant, and on every occasion. Bravery is always thoughtlessly impetuous; courage, the more it reflects, is the more intrepid. The impulse of example, the blindness arising from common danger, the heat of battle, inspire

bravery; patriotism, zeal for the sovereign and the state, a thirst of glory, animate and awaken courage. Courage is more a virtue, bravery a habit. Achilles, implacable, cruel, and despising every other right than that of force, seems to me to exhibit only the spirit of a gladiator. But that Roman general whose loss would inevitably have occasioned the ruin and destruction of the army; —Scipio, covered with the bucklers of three soldiers to avoid a shower of javelins which the enemy directed against him, advancing to the wall of the besieged, and, an unmoved spectator of the battle, issuing his orders with the coolest intrepidity;—gives me the idea of true courage. In short, bravery is essential in the moment of action; courage through the whole progress of a campaign.

COURAGE is not inaccessible to fear, but overcomes it: bravery is afraid of nothing. Bravery is necessary in war; courage in every situation of life: the magistrate has need of it to resist the persuasive pleadings of beauty, and the great to counteract those of family and kindred: the courtier, that he may dare to tell a displeasing truth to his sovereign; and the sage, to publish it to the world. Bravery is, in a manner, involuntary, and seems not to depend upon our

selves: courage is the result of reflection, of education, of wisdom, and sometimes of misfortune; of a life exempt from remorse, and passed in the constant habit of good actions; it is an unfinished gift of nature, which she has left to reason to perfect and refine.

THE union of bravery and courage constitutes Valour. True valour consists in being brave in battle, intrepid in danger, and courageous in every situation of life. The motives of this valour ought to be the love of our duty, the desire of glory, and zeal for our king and our country. If such are not the springs which actuate courage; if the brave soldier is not as mild and as humane towards his comrades as he is terrible to the enemy; he is scarcely superior to a Fury or a gladiator, that should be kept chained, and let loose only on the day of conflict.

COURAGE, that virtue so essential in the character of an officer, and without which all others are ineffectual, is a quality to be acquired, and must be cherished with care. It is remarked, that persons of an active disposition are almost always brave; and that, on the contrary, those of indolent and luxurious habits are as commonly cowards; effeminacy and baseness appearing the natural offspring of superfluity and luxury. I

am surprised that so many brave persons are still found among the corruption of great cities; where they are surrounded with all that is calculated to enervate their souls, and where the influence of domestic impressions might be thought sufficient to stifle those virtues and those talents with which nature had endowed them.

FEW are more entitled to our pity than the man who, having entered upon a military life without consulting his heart, has the misfortune to perceive, on the first call of duty, that he is deficient in that indispensable quality of a soldier, courage. If he continues in the service, he will assuredly be covered with disgrace, and if he is prudent enough to retire from it, the reason will be discovered, whatever pains he may take to conceal it: thus he will in either case find himself exposed to the derision of his fellow-citizens, and above all, to the contempt of the fair sex, who hold the character of a coward in abhorrence. A modern writer observes, that women in general retain the sentiment of those of Lacedemon; who wished rather to see their husbands return from the field of battle *upon* their shields, than *without* them and covered with dishonour.

VALOUR then is the virtue the most necessary

to an officer, since it is this which essentially constitutes the military character. The ecclesiastic may impose upon the world by the exterior of gravity, and may feign a piety which he does not feel; appearances are deceitful: but of all assumed characters, the most difficult to maintain with success is that of true valour; the trial is so severe, that blusterers and cowards cannot long support it undiscovered.

SOME military men, to strengthen their minds against the fear of death, endeavour to persuade themselves that the soul perishes with the body. Base and ignoble sentiment! To him who has lived well, death has no terrors: an alliance on an Almighty Sovereign ready to crown the obedience of a subject who has shed his blood for the good of his country, is a thousand times more consoling to the truly brave man, and far better calculated to animate his courage. He that expects nothing after death, has every reason to be careful of his life; and this principle is commonly found to influence the conduct of persons of this description. The brave soldier whose purity of conscience assures him of a happy immortality, is equally a hero, whether he lives or dies.

I HAVE reason to hope that the whole course

of your education will have alike contributed to endow you with the virtues of bravery and courage. If you want the first of these (which, as I have already observed, does not entirely depend on ourselves), you at least possess the second; and should you even be without this, you may readily acquire it, since it is in some measure the offspring of reflection.

It is an erroneous idea, that fear cannot be conquered, and that in this respect it is impossible to alter nature. This may be more or less true, when the passion has taken deep root in a weak mind: but do not for a moment doubt that a young man may easily, with the aid of just principles of honour and of virtue, eradicate this base passion from his heart, if the attempt be tried before it has made any great progress.

There is no one who cannot form a distinction between truth and falsehood, courage and cowardice, glory and infamy. Shun then whatever is debasing and offensive, and respect whatever is excellent and useful. By such a conduct, nature may be improved and corrected; and our fears will soon be destroyed, when the whispers of self-love and the voice of honour unite to assure us, that death is a thousand times preferable to a dishonourable life.

AN enlightened officer once avowed with a noble frankness, that he felt himself afraid when called to engage; but that this mechanical impression did not prevent him from discharging his duty with honour, and that he always experienced the highest satisfaction in anticipating the orders of his general. The same officer being one day commanded to attack a post, exhibited considerable uneasiness as he marched to the spot. A brother-officer who accompanied him, and who was a great blusterer, affected to be so much offended at his weakness, that he returned to his general, and requested that some other companion might be assigned to him, who would support him in a *coup-de-main* that he was about to undertake, as his present associate would run away from the field of action, having himself acknowledged his want of courage. "My good sir," said the general, "if you were no more afraid than he, you would not have been here at this moment: return instantly to your post;—you are in danger of not being there in time, and it is probable that your *poltroon* will take from you the whole honour of the action." This prediction was in fact verified.

FEAR is one of the greatest misfortunes that can befal a man. The moment he is impressed

with it, objects no longer appear to him in their proper shapes; he loses his judgment, and is totally incapable of reflection. To point out a reasonable resource in his difficulty, would be unavailing; for his apprehensions are more alarming than the danger that menaces him: a momentary reflection indeed would emancipate him entirely.—But it is proper to make a clear distinction between fear and terror. The former may be the result of prudence, and a knowledge of a real danger: the other arises from a persuasion of a danger wholly disproportioned to our resources; a persuasion which is merely self-love carried to the excess of weakness.'

IT may be doubted how far this sentiment is natural; for we must not confound it with timidity, which consists in a mistrust of ourselves. The most timid of the animal race flies to avoid a danger; but when that danger becomes apparent, and he is attacked, he will defend himself, and become the assailant in his turn: the coward not only flies from danger, but is vanquished beforehand by his fears, and does not defend himself even when attacked. The dread of the coward in no degree resembles that fear which is common to all mankind. Few can boast

the intrepidity of the great Peterborough*: but when somebody once complimented him by saying that no one had ever been able to make him afraid, he replied: "Shew me a danger that I think real and unavoidable, and you will then see that my fears are like those of other men."

THERE are many things that appear formidable at a distance, but which, by familiarity and on a nearer approach, cease to be so. Plutarch, in his life of Marius, says, "In objects of terror, the imagination is deceived by their novelty, which often makes things appear what they are not in reality; while custom, on the contrary, destroys the effect of the most terrible objects, and strips them of that ideal horror in which our fears had arrayed them." In truth, the less our apprehensions are thus awakened, with the greater freedom and composure do we contemplate every object around us; or, in other words, our judgment is strong in proportion as our fears are diminished: thus the man of sense ought to live more in dread of fear, than even of danger.

* THE earl of Peterborough, a contemporary of the duke of Marlborough.

It must be owned, however, in justification of many of our greatest and bravest characters, that nothing is more difficult to regulate, or more inexplicable, than the human heart. There are many kinds of valour, of intrepidity, and of that strength and fortitude of mind which nothing is able to subdue or to bend: but we rarely find these qualities united in the same person; we observe commonly, that they are distributed in different proportions among men. One will run to meet death with eagerness, who dares not wait for its approach. Another rushes into the battle, and animates others by the bravery of his example; who would tremble at an assault, and turn pale in a trench where even a sutler's wife is carelessly dealing out liquor to the soldiers. He that has been known to charge at the head of his regiment, or before the battle fight a duel with the best grace in the world, has trembled at the sight of a great army, and the thoughts of a general engagement. Another, who has looked death in the face in the most terrifying moments of conflict, and has on such occasions preserved the coolest composure of spirits, is seized with dread and apprehension the instant the physician pronounces him to be attacked with a dangerous malady; while cowards

have been often known to meet death in their beds, not only with resignation but with fortitude. A military historian tells of one of the bravest men he ever knew, hiding himself at the bottom of a cave, trembling with fear at a thunder storm.—So different is the operation of bravery on different minds.

THIS variety will not so much excite our surprise, when we consider, that the strongest mind has its weak and accessible parts: and none will, on every occasion, display that intrepidity which it is so much our duty to acquire; which it should be the study of every one to obtain, as universally as the nature of human infirmity will allow.

CRILLON, whose valour was so celebrated as to acquire him, by eminence, the name of the Brave, was once at Marseilles, when the duke of Guise, being curious to put his firmness and intrepidity to the test, caused an alarm to be given in the dead of the night; and immediately afterward, with some young officers, rushed into the chamber of Crillon, who was in a profound sleep. "The enemy is master of the port and of the town," cried the duke: "I have brought you a horse, that we may escape as quickly as possible." Crillon rose, took up his

arms without emotion, and declared he would rather die sword in hand than survive the loss of the place. He hastened out of his chamber; but hearing the duke and his companions on the staircase in fits of laughter, he presently discovered the deception. Crillon, upon this, assumed an air more severe and determined than if actually going to battle; and seizing the arm of the duke of Guise, "Young man," said he, "never trifle with a brave man's courage; if you had found me fail in the present instance, you should certainly have been the victim of my dishonour."

I WOULD have you discriminate between a reflecting courage, and that impetuosity which stimulates the bulk of the soldiery, and carries them to a breach, not only without repugnance, but with alacrity. The crowd among which they find themselves engaged, excites in their breasts that bravery which animates and sustains them: they see many of their comrades fall, it is true, but they see a larger number survive; they have frequently escaped the greatest perils, and they hope to escape this also; dangers, besides, that are so soon over, are not to be put into competition with the glory of a victory, the luxury of good quarters,

and a succession of new scenes and extraordinary adventures with which they are incessantly flattering themselves: such are the feelings that influence the mass of an army: but these mechanical soldiers seldom make any conspicuous figure in their profession.

SUCH as are destined to command, risk life on a different principle. Knowing that they must one day part with it, they reckon it glorious and useful to hazard it for the public good; they feel that they are placed in the post which Providence designed for them, and they resolve to discharge the duties of it: whether they survive or not, their reward is certain; and since death is natural to us all, it is absurd to be afraid of it.

FEAR loses much of its effect, when we are convinced that it will not avail in prolonging our days; and the certainty that we cannot escape death, ought to inspire us with courage to meet it. Without such a spirit of resignation, no man will attempt any thing glorious: but when once you have arrived at this point, the attractions of a life passed amidst the fatigues and the activities of war, are as great as any other scenes can supply. The satisfaction of fulfilling our duty, together with the desire of glory, gives a certain

grace to what at first appeared terrible and disgusting: added to this, the dangers to which we see great generals expose their persons, the considerations of the security of the kingdom and the public good, and the surprising bravery of many officers who had not signalized themselves till the day of action, form so many motives to compel us to submit gloriously to our fate.

IT was a noble reply of an illustrious general, when asked, after a battle in which he had performed prodigies of valour, whether, in the course of the engagement, he had once thought of death: "I have learnt from the history of my ancestors, that the most glorious life is that which is terminated at the gaining of a victory; and that as we possess this jewel but for a short period, we ought to render it as brilliant as possible."

THERE are some men, however, in whom courage is found to arise from a total want of reflection. Such is the effect of this, that they look upon death with perfect indifference; and lose nothing of their coolness in the most desperate actions, and in the greatest dangers. The chevalier de Fourilles, lieutenant-general under the great Condé, receiving a wound which proved mortal, at the battle of Seneff, cried out:

"I wish from my soul I could live another hour, to see how this butcher will finish the business."

TRUE courage is the source of all the heroic virtues; such as intrepidity, firmness, love of our country, greatness of soul, humanity, &c. These I shall make the subject of my next Letters; and will conclude this by transcribing for your amusement, some observations on the bravery of the English soldiers, written by the late Dr. Johnson; who, though no military man himself, was well qualified by his intelligence and acuteness to form a just estimate of the character of his nation.

"By those who have compared the military genius of the English with that of the French nation," says that celebrated moralist, "it is remarked, that the French officers will always lead, if the soldiers will follow, and the English soldiers will always follow if their officers will lead.

"In all pointed sentences, some degree of accuracy must be sacrificed to conciseness; and in this comparison, our officers seem to lose what our soldiers gain. I know not any reason for supposing that the English officers are less willing than the French to lead; but it is, I think, universally allowed, that the English soldiers are more

willing to follow. Our nation may boast, beyond any other people in the world, of a kind of epidemic bravery, diffused equally through all its ranks. We can show a peasantry of heroes; and fill our armies with clowns, whose courage may vie with that of their general.

"There may be some pleasure in tracing the causes of this plebeian magnanimity. The qualities which commonly make an army formidable, are long habits of regularity, great exactness of discipline, and entire confidence in the commander. Regularity may, in time, produce a kind of mechanical obedience to signals and commands, like that which the perverse Cartesians impute to animals: discipline may impress such an awe upon the mind, that any danger shall be dreaded than the danger of punishment; and confidence in the wisdom or fortune of the general, may induce the soldiers to follow him blindly to the most dangerous enterprise.

"What may be done by discipline and regularity, may be seen in the troops of the Russian and Prussian monarchs. We find that they may be broken without confusion, and repulsed without flight. But the English troops have none of these requisites in any eminent degree. Regula-

rity is by no means part of their character; they neither are thought by others, nor by themselves, more active or exact than their enemies; and therefore derive none of their courage from such imaginary superiority. The manner in which they are dispersed in quarters over the country during times of peace, naturally produces laxity of discipline: they are very little in sight of their officers; and when they are not engaged in the slight duty of the guard, are suffered to live every man his own way.

"The equality of English privileges, the impartiality of our laws, the freedom of our tenures, and the prosperity of our trade, dispose us very little to reverence of superiors. It is not to any great esteem of the officers, that the English soldier is indebted for his spirit in the hour of battle: for perhaps it does not often happen that he thinks much better of his leader than of himself. A French author remarks, how much soldiers are animated when they see all their dangers shared by those who were born to be their masters, and whom they consider as beings of a different rank. The Englishman despises such motives of courage; he was born without a master; and looks not on any man,

however dignified by lace or titles, as deriving from nature any claims to his respect, or inheriting any qualities superior to his own.

"There are some perhaps who would imagine that every Englishman fights better than the subjects of absolute governments, because he has more to defend. But what has the English more than the French soldier? Property they are both commonly without. Liberty is, to the lowest rank of every nation, little more than the choice of working or starving; and this choice is, I suppose, equally allowed in every country. The English soldier seldom has his head very full of the constitution; nor has there been, for more than a century, any war that put the property or liberty of a single Englishman in danger*.

"Whence then is the courage of the English vulgar? It proceeds, in my opinion, from that dissolution of dependance which obliges every man to regard his own character. While every man is fed by his own hands, he has no need of any servile arts: he may always have wages for his labour; and is no less necessary to his employer, than his employer is to him. While he looks for no protection from others, he is natu-

* This was written before the American war.

rally roused to be his own protector; and having nothing to abate his esteem of himself, he consequently aspires to the esteem of others. Thus every man that crowds our streets is a man of honour, disdainful of obligation, impatient of reproach, and desirous of extending his reputation among those of his own rank; and as courage is in most frequent use, the fame of courage is most eagerly pursued. From this neglect of subordination, I do not deny that some inconveniences may from time to time proceed; the power of the law does not always sufficiently supply the want of reverence, or maintain the proper distinction between different ranks: but good and evil will grow up in this world together; and they who complain, in peace, of the insolence of the populace, must remember that their insolence in peace is bravery in war."

LETTER IV.

ON INTREPIDITY.

INTREPIDITY has been defined a boldness, an assurance, an extraordinary strength of mind, that raises the possessor above the disorder and emotion which the sight of extreme danger is apt to produce. It appears to me that this definition does not convey an idea sufficiently distinct of this quality, but confounds it too much with brutal insensibility. Rashness, says another writer, is as forward to meet danger as intrepidity; but one advances with enlightened assurance, while the other rushes on with blind and ferocious ardour.

INTREPIDITY has been more accurately characterized as the quality which faces, and beholds with coolness, the most palpable dangers, and is not alarmed at the view of immediate dissolution; which displays itself only in those circumstances, and on those occasions, where duty and necessity call for its exercise. Horace has given it a most sublime attribute, in speaking of

a wise and good man, whom integrity of conscience places above the influence of all events: "Even," says he, "should the universe be dissolved, its ruins would not shake the firmness and intrepidity of his mind*.

THE example of intrepid resolution in a commander, will never fail of having its due influence on the officers under him.—The siege of Belgrade, in the year 1789, was conducted by the celebrated field-marshal Laudon, in a manner worthy of that great general. He ordered the first parallel to be opened at the distance of fifty toises from the glacis†, and all the generals under his orders to meet him there. On their being assembled, he addressed them to the following effect: "My friends, here is the spot where we must either conquer or die. From this spot I shall not retreat. I shall exert my utmost ef-

* *Si fractus illabatur orbis,*
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

† PARALLELS are the trenches or lines made *parallel* to the defence of the place besieged; or rather, perhaps, so named from being *parallel* to each other. In this latter sense, the first line that is drawn cannot be called a parallel till a second is made. The first line is generally run at the distance of about 300 toises (600 yards) from the place.

forts to attain the proposed end, but I also desire that every one will do his duty. I wish you all to prepare for victory or death, and to consider that none of us were born not to die."

In a council of war, just before the memorable battle of Rocroi took place, the prince of Condé, descanting on the advantages of possessing the town, was asked by one of his generals, "What will become of us if we lose it?"—"I do not consider that," replied the prince; "I shall die before that happens."

The intrepid man neither hates life, nor contemns death; but is on all occasions resolved to sacrifice every consideration to that of his duty. Many of our bravest warriors have displayed the same heroism in submitting to death when it became unavoidable, as in surmounting on other occasions the dangers which had threatened it.

One of the noblest instances of this virtue in ancient history is that of Mutius Scævola.—During a period of the Roman history, Porsenna, king of Etruria, laid siege to the city of Rome, and was on the point of reducing it to the last extremity. A young Roman, fraught with a noble ardour, repairs in the disguise of an Etrurian, into the enemy's camp, advances even to the royal tent, and mistaking the secretary for

the king, stabs him to the heart. On being seized and asked his name: "I am a Roman," replied he sternly, "and my name is Mutius. You behold in me one enemy who wanted to kill another: and I shall not have less courage to suffer death, than I had to inflict it." While speaking, as if desirous to punish his right hand for having disappointed him of his design, he thrust it into a small fire which had been just kindled for a sacrifice; and beheld his hand gradually consume, without betraying a symptom of pain. The king, astonished at this prodigy of resolution, ordered him to be removed from the altar, and to be restored to his liberty. "Since," said Mutius to him, "thou knowest the value of virtue, what thou shouldst not have torn from me by threats I will freely grant to thy generosity. Know then, that there are three hundred of us, young Romans, who have sworn before the Gods that we will kill thee in the midst of thy guards, or perish in the attempt." Porsenna, equally struck with admiration and terror at his speech, immediately raised the siege.

THE virtue of intrepidity is often displayed under the simple form of bravery, without partaking of any of the more refined and exalted qualities of the soul.—Thus in the war between

the French and Spaniards in 1503, a body of five thousand French crossing the river Garigliano, attacked the Spanish camp, which they would probably have forced had they been supported; but Gonsalvo, surnamed the Great Captain, after a furious contest, drove them out of his intrenchments; and in spite of their artillery compelled them to re-cross the bridge, after sustaining a very severe loss. On this occasion the brave Bayard, "the Knight without fear or reproach," (as he was surnamed), is said to have alone withstood two hundred Spaniards, who pressed after him, at the barrier of the bridge; till his horse falling with him, he was taken prisoner, but quickly rescued by the exertions of his men; —an action vying in splendour with the individual exploits of the heroic ages of Rome.*

* The same Porsenna just mentioned, having undertaken to restore the Tarquins to the throne of Rome, from which they had been banished for their cruelty and oppression, sent proposals to the senate for that purpose; but finding they were rejected with scorn, he advanced towards Rome in a confident persuasion that he should easily reduce it. When he came to the bridge, and saw the Romans drawn up in order of battle before the river, he was surprised at their resolution; and not doubting that he should overpower them with numbers, prepared for battle. The two armies being engaged, fought with

INTREPIDITY is not that rashness which makes us blindly run to meet death: a fatal mad-

great bravery, and long contended for victory. After a great slaughter on both sides, the Romans began to give way, and were quickly put to flight. All fled into the city over the bridge; which at the same time would have afforded a passage to the enemy, if Rome had not found, in the heroic courage of one of her citizens, a bulwark equal to the thickest walls. Publius Horatius was the man, surnamed Cocles (or *one-eyed*) from having lost an eye in battle. He was the strongest and most undaunted of all the Romans. He used every method to stop the flying army; but perceiving that neither intreaties nor exhortations could overcome their fear, he resolved, however badly supported he might be, to defend the entrance of the bridge till it could be demolished behind. On the success of this depended the preservation of the city. Only two Romans followed his example, and partook of his danger; and when he saw but a few planks of the bridge remaining, he obliged these to retire, and save themselves. Standing alone against a whole army, but preserving his intrepidity, he even dared to insult his numerous enemies; and cast terrible looks upon the principal Etrurians, at one time challenging them to single combat, and then bitterly reproaching them all. "Vile slaves," said he; "not satisfied with being unmindful of your own, you are come to deprive others of their liberty who have had the courage to assume it." Covered with his buckler, he sustained a shower of darts; and at last, when they were all preparing to rush upon him, and the

ness, a headstrong passion, which renders us indifferent to danger, only as it deprives us of the knowledge of it: a disposition like this, far from being desirable to an officer, is highly reprehensible; as its only tendency is perpetually to expose the troops under his command. Intrepidity is that species of enlightened heroism which preserves us free and composed amidst the greatest dangers, and which advances with steady confidence to the execution of the most difficult and the most arduous enterprises, such as to common minds, influenced by a less confirmed principle, would appear insurmountable. It may be remarked too, that this great faculty accomplishes its purposes less by strength and by num-

bridge was entirely demolished, Cocles, throwing himself with his arms into the Tyber, swam over safely, having performed an action that will command the admiration more than the belief of posterity. He was received as in triumph by the Romans: the people erected a brazen statue of him in armour, in the most conspicuous part of the forum: as much land was given him as he could surround with a plough in a day: all the inhabitants, both men and women, contributed to his reward; and in the midst of a dreadful scarcity, almost every person in the city, depriving themselves of a part of their subsistence, made him a present of provisions.

bers, than by the resources which a man of courage and of genius always finds within his own breast.

THE duke of Anjou, afterward Henry the Third of France, besieged Rochelle, the bulwark of the Calvinists. Near the counterscarp was a mill, which the besieged had not had time to fortify: they threw in a handful of troops in the day, and at night commonly withdrew this small garrison, leaving behind only one man. The duke made the necessary dispositions for carrying this post; and advanced by moonlight, with a small detachment and two culverins, for this purpose. A single soldier had the guard this night, and on him the whole defence depended. This brave man remained firm and undismayed; he kept up, alone, a brisk fire upon the assailants; and by varying continually the tones of his voice, made them suppose that the besieged were in great numbers. From the ramparts of the town, the besieged called out to encourage this surprising commandant; they exhorted the garrison to remain firm, and assured them of immediate succours: till at length the soldier, seeing his little post on the point of being carried, asked quarter for himself and comrades, which was instantly granted: he then laid down his arms,

and discovered the whole garrison in his own person.

THE remark of Livy, that certain enterprises which at first savour of temerity, are in reality only daring, is correctly true.—An officer once represented to Gassion the insurmountable difficulties of an object he was ordered to undertake: "I have in my head, and I carry at my side," answered this general, "what is more than sufficient to overcome this alleged impossibility."

THE king of Prussia found himself in a perilous situation before the battle of Torgaw. The fate of himself and of his army was at stake. His great soul gave way to melancholy presentiments; and he hesitated, for the first time, on the part he had to act. Undetermined whether he should incur this desperate risk, he held a conference with his generals, in Zieten's presence. Depressed by apprehension rather than encouraged by hope, he imparted his doubts and surmises, and in this manner impressed them with the like sentiments. How indeed should they have ventured to recommend what his own courage had not already suggested, or take upon themselves a responsibility which he seemed inclined to charge them with in case of ill success? They kept profound silence: Zieten alone thought proper to break it.

"Every thing is possible, sire," said he: "it is our business to triumph over difficulties." These few words decided the king, and the battle was instantly resolved upon.

WHAT constitutes indiscretion and temerity in an officer, is when being at liberty to accept or reject an enterprise of great difficulty and danger, he yields to it simply from a vain desire of glory: but when he sees himself equally pressed by danger on all hands, whether he execute his project or abandon it, he ought to make choice of that course which appears to him the most honourable, to attain the end in view.

PERI, an officer of high reputation, defended the town of Haguenau against the Imperialists with great bravery. He saw with regret that he was not in a situation to maintain an assault, and he was on the point of yielding to the conqueror. He was in this perplexity, when an officer of his garrison, who knew the country perfectly, as well as the position of the enemy, proposed to him to force a causeway, which they had left ill-guarded from the persuasion of their security on that side. The commandant highly approved the suggestion, and adopted it instantly; but to sound the disposition of his

inferior officers, as well as to conceal more effectually his design, he called a council of war, and declared to them that he was willing, if necessary, to perish in a last attack: "there is no doubt," added he, "that you are all of my mind; and he gave immediate orders for making the necessary preparations. This address of the governor surprised those who were assembled, and was very generally censured; he then dismissed the council, except one officer, who alone had applauded the desperate resolution which he had proposed. To this officer he confided his real intention, and entrusted him with the charge of the rear-guard. Night was thought most proper for the execution of this daring enterprise. The troops were put under arms in the different quarters of the town, on pretext of the extremity of their situation. Leaving a few gunners on the side where the breach had been made, the garrison marched out in profound silence, meeting no obstacle of any kind; and reached in safety the place of their destination. The officer charged with the rear-guard, taking the route of the wood, retired with equal good fortune.

A COMMANDER at the head of his division, finding himself surprised and surrounded, will

if he be of an ordinary character, instantly decide that one corps cannot maintain a conflict against twenty, and will without hesitation surrender. The man of genius and true valour will calculate otherwise. He knows that if he is able to force the line of the troops that surround him, he can run as fast as they, and thus at least posses es the chance of an escape. He instantly perceives, that on whatever side he attempts to break through, he will no where find a force equal to his own: consequently he will at that spot be on as good a footing as his enemy, since it is impossible that the whole of the force which surrounds him can be immediately concentrated on the point which he may attempt to penetrate; and he will have one great advantage, in the surprise and astonishment that his resolution will excite among his adversaries. It is extremely probable that he will have pierced their line and made some progress in his retreat, before they have sufficiently recovered themselves to be able to act with effect against him.

In the war of 1704 in Italy, fifty of the Spanish cavalry found themselves surrounded by a body of between six and seven hundred of the Imperialists. The Spanish officer saw no re-

source but in one desperate resolution. Trusting to the valour of his troops, and the excellence of his horses, he ordered them to close their ranks. In an instant, he fell upon the Germans sword in hand, cut his way through, and left the enemy in astonishment at the boldness of the enterprise.

ANOTHER Spanish officer, at the head of a hundred horse, penetrated and overthrew a battalion which had been renowned for its bravery and discipline. He even returned to the charge, and again passed through the battalion, leaving them in amazement at his intrepidity. In the first instance, the necessity of the case would have stamped the exploit with the character of heroism; and even if it had not succeeded, the officer would still have acquired honour by the attempt. In the second he discovered only temerity; and if he had been worsted, the disgrace of the defeat would have tarnished the glory which he had just acquired.

IT is related of a captain of Swedish cavalry, named Elsburg, of the regiment of Creutz, that he supported, with his single company, a long and doubtful contest, on the banks of the Vistula, against twenty-eight companies of Polanders, supported by two hundred German dra-

goons. Having taken post in a church-yard, he there defended himself with so much bravery, that the assailants were obliged to throw a body of men into the adjoining houses in order to fire upon him. Elsburg made a vigorous sortie, rushed into the midst of the Polonnese, burnt the houses from which they had fired upon his company; then returned to the church-yard, which he obliged the enemy to abandon; and thus maintained the conflict without intermission, for nine hours.

IN the last war between Austria and the Porte, Agria, a town only surrounded by an old flanked wall having a few towers without bastions, was attacked by sixty thousand Turks. This force could not terrify two thousand Hungarians who had shut themselves up in the place with their wives, children, and effects. They had all sworn to suffer to the last extremity, and even, if their provisions should fail, to live upon the dead bodies among themselves, rather than surrender. The provisions were brought to the public stores, in order that, the whole being appropriated for common use, it might inspire a general ardour. The men were to resist the efforts of the besiegers, and the women to repair the breaches. During forty days, the Turks kept up a conti-

nual fire from the batteries. Though a part of the wall, and almost all the towers, were beaten down by the enemy's cannon, the besieged continued to defend themselves with the same firmness. They were summoned to surrender; but they showed a coffin upon one of the battlements, intimating that they preferred death to any terms. The Turks stormed the place three times in one day, and were repulsed with the loss of eight thousand men. The besieged, in proportion to the reiterated attacks, opposed a more vigorous defence. Such acts of heroism chilling the courage of the besiegers, they abandoned the undertaking: but their rear was briskly charged in the retreat, and the principal part of their baggage taken.

SOBIESKI, having penetrated into Moravia, appeared before the fortress of Nemez. The place had been abandoned: but at this juncture, a small band of Moravian chasseurs, consisting of no more than eighteen, had been by accident attracted thither. These brave men drew up the bridges, shut the gates, and peremptorily refused to surrender. The Polonnese, who were ignorant both of the number and state of the garrison, cannonaded the place during four days. The chasseurs defended themselves with vigour,

killed a vast number of the besiegers, and among others the principal officer of artillery. The fifth day, finding ten of their comrades dead, and three disabled, they capitulated, and obtained permission for the garrison to withdraw to whatever place they chose. The gate was then opened, and discovered six men marching out, with three others borne upon their shoulders. Sobieski turned pale at this sight, and his first sentiment was unworthy of him;—he determined to hang these brave men, and gave orders for that purpose: but fortunately for his honour, being reminded of his engagement, he sent them away with applause.

COUNT SAXE, the hero whom France yet honours with its regret, happened, in the year 1705, to be at the city of Lemburg, waiting for an escort to accompany him to Warsaw, where the court then was. Having learnt that there was a truce between the Saxon troops and the confederates, he wished to avail himself of this interval; and toward the end of January, quitted the place, with a few officers and men. He stopped at a small inn in the village of Craknitz, with an intention of passing the night: not being aware that the truce had been broken, and that the Polanders were informed of his departure,

and intended to carry him off. They even dispatched to this village eight hundred cavalry: expecting also to find there marshal count Fleming, who had taken the same route.

Count Saxe was about to seat himself at table, when he was informed that a great number of horsemen had entered the village, and that they appeared to be advancing toward the house where he then was. On receiving this intelligence, he instantly made the necessary dispositions for his defence. Seeing that it was not possible to guard, with only eighteen persons, the whole of the premises, which lay scattered, he abandoned the court and the ground-floor, and betook himself to the upper part of the house; placing two or three men in each chamber, with orders to bore holes in the floors, that they might be able to fire upon whoever should enter below: and finding that he could afford some relief to those in the house by means of the stable, he posted himself in the latter spot with the rest of his people.

These dispositions were scarcely made, when the attack commenced. The doors of the ground-floor were first forced open: but the rooms being all low, the count's people were able to direct their fire with certainty; and accordingly,

every one of those who first entered was instantly killed. The Polanders, supposing this part of the house full of the count's people, and thinking the upper stories might be forced with less difficulty, abandoned this quarter, and scaled the windows of the chambers which they discovered to be empty, in order by this means to come at those which were guarded. This manœuvre embarrassed the count, because it was impossible to prevent it. He suffered them however to ascend. He then resolved to mount himself, and enter the chambers after them sword in hand, accompanied by a few brave officers: thus hoping to astonish the enemy by a vigorous charge, which might produce the happiest effect, especially in the middle of a dark night; a time when courage supplies the place of numbers, which are then always thought greater than they are in reality. A musket-shot which the count now received in his thigh, did not prevent him from making this attack. He threw himself into the first chamber, which was already filled with the enemy: all of them who did not escape by the windows, were immediately put to death. The Polanders made a second attempt, which succeeded no better, and they were compelled to retire. They then determined to blockade

the house till day-light. The count instantly perceived their design: and while he was meditating the means of escape, an officer advanced to summon him to surrender; threatening, in case of refusal, to set fire not only to the house but to the whole village. He ordered the officer to retire; and on his refusing to do so, fired on him, and killed him on the spot. The Polanders sent a Dominican friar with a second summons, who met with a similar fate.

The count then assembling his people: "You see," said he, "that we can hope for no quarter; to save our lives therefore, we must force our way through the enemy sword in hand. They are dispersed in small posts; the bulk of their force is at a distance: let us avail ourselves of the darkness, to gain the woods which lie contiguous to the village. If we should fall in with one of their out-posts, we must instantly put them to the sword. Let us depart." They then left the house, to the number of fourteen persons. They had proceeded a very short distance, before they found one of the enemy's guard; who, thinking himself secure from all alarm, had composed himself to sleep. How indeed could it have been supposed that such a handful of men would take a resolution so daring? Nothing

surely but that ardent attachment to life which is inherent in the breast of every one, could prompt in so desperate a measure. The count's people dispatched the sleeping man before he could utter a word; and afterward proceeded in safety to Sendomir, where they found a Saxon garrison.

SOON after the battle of Mollwitz, fought in April 1741, the king of Prussia ordered one of his generals, with a body of men, to observe the position of the enemy. On his way he met a patrol of some hundred hussars, whom he attacked and dispersed. Having pursued them to the entrance of a defile, and perceiving that they halted and faced about, he halted likewise, and suffered their flankers to harass him considerably. Zieten, who was in the detachment, equally enraged at the sudden inactivity of his commander and at the audacity of the Austrians, was no longer able to contain himself. He pushed forward, and cried out: "Colonel, will you not put these fellows to flight!"—"Why don't you do it yourself," answered the other, "since you are so bold? Are you not at the head of your squadron?"—"With all my heart," said Zieten, "provided you will support me." At the same moment he gave the word to march;

and falling on the enemy, drove them into the defile, and pursued them far beyond it, fully persuaded that the colonel had kept the position in which he had left him. At length, perceiving reinforcements pouring in on every side against him, he began to think of making a retreat; and conceived he had nothing to risk, as he depended on finding the colonel at the entrance of the defile. That officer however was no longer there; he had basely retired to a neighbouring village, without feeling the least concern for Zieten, or the squadron under him. The latter, now sensible of his commander's perfidy and his own danger, was indebted for his safety merely to his presence of mind and intrepidity. He called back his flankers; closed the ranks; and while a part of his troops passed the defile, charged the enemy (who had not yet collected their forces) at the head of the rest, and gained sufficient time and ground to make good his retreat. It is worthy of remark, that he did not lose a single man, and carried away every one of the prisoners he had taken.

MARGARET DE VALOIS, having encamped her little army before Villeneuve, ordered a party of her soldiers to carry Cieutat under the walls of the town, and put him to death if his

son, who commanded in that place, did not open the gates to her. The father, hearing this cruel alternative offered to his son, exclaimed loudly: "Think on the duty which you owe to God and your sovereign. If I were capable of advising you to give up the place you are entrusted to keep, I should be a traitor and a coward, and an enemy to your honour." The guards, on hearing this, were ready to perform the cruel orders which they had received; when young Cieutat waved his hand to them: the gate was opened; he rushed out with three or four persons, and pretended to parley with the soldiers: then drawing his sword with great fury, fell upon those who were holding their naked weapons over his father's head; and being seconded by his garrison, put them to flight, and returned into the town, taking his father with him.

Nor is it in great and brilliant emergencies alone that intrepidity can be discovered. The temper and disposition of mind which produces and accompanies this virtue, may be exercised indifferently on occasions of inferior or of striking importance, and by characters the most humble or the most exalted.—David Gam, a Welsh captain, sent by Henry the Fifth to reconnoitre the French army before the battle of Agincourt

(when their force amounted to more than six times that of the English)*, reported only "that there were enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away."—Charles the Twelfth, at the siege of Copenhagen (his first military operation), hearing a general discharge of muskets loaded with ball, asked one of his officers what the whistling that he heard meant? "It is the noise of bullets," said the officer, "which are fired against your majesty." "Very well," replied the king; "this shall henceforth be my music."—George the Second, of England, coming one day to the council later than usual, during the rebellion in 1745, and having asked the subject of their deliberations, was told that they had been taking measures to ensure the safety of his majesty's person. "Take care of *yourselves*, gentlemen," replied this intrepid and excellent prince; "as for me, I am determined to die king of England!"—When the British and American armies were near each other in the neighbourhood of German-town, five Hessian soldiers, who had straggled into the woods and lost their way, were met by an Irishman who was a private in the American army.

* A short account of this glorious battle is given in LETTER XXXIV. (Vol. 2).

He immediately presented his piece, and ordered them to surrender; and they, surprised by his intrepidity, and supposing that he must certainly be supported by a party, threw down their arms.—In the German war, an English drummer having wandered from his camp, and approaching too near to the enemy's lines, was seized and brought before the French commander, on suspicion of being a spy disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being asked by the general who he was, he answered, "A drummer in the English service." This not being believed, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a march; which he accordingly did, to remove the Frenchman's suspicion. He was then told to beat a retreat. "A retreat!" said he; "there is no such beat known in the English service." The French officer was so well pleased with this reply, that he dismissed his prisoner; and wrote to his general, commending his intrepid behaviour.

In one of the engagements during the Seven Years' War, it happened that a corps in the king of Prussia's service found its progress impeded by a dyke so narrow, that only three men abreast could march along it. At the moment in which they were about to advance, they perceived at the further end, two pieces of cannon which the

enemy were pointing down the dyke. They halted in consequence of this obstacle; when a private muske'eer cried out, "It is of little consequence whether I live or not, or in what manner I die;" and rushing into the dyke, ran up to the artillery-men, shot one of them dead, knocked down a second with the butt-end of his piece, which having broken, he attacked the rest with the fragment, and forced them to abandon their cannon. Three of his comrades joined and supported him; the cannon were spiked and dismounted; and the column passed the dyke, and proceeded to the attack of the redoubt.

MANY imagine that certain characters are favourites of Fortune; and that those succeed in every thing they undertake, not so much from their own good conduct, as from the influence of a lucky chance which attends all their actions. They perceive in such favoured persons something more wonderful, and even divine, than in those whose measures are the result only of reason and prudence; but the intimate connexion which there is betwixt good conduct and good fortune, is what they do not discern. It has been well observed, that "a knowledge of the military art is essential to a virtuous and brave

citizen, as to a king, who should be the defender as well as the father of his people. This however is not of itself sufficient: he ought to be successful in his enterprises. But great and perfect skill in any art or science are the only means by which success can be ensured."

GOOD-FORTUNE, says Polybius, is equally open to every one: but they are only generals endued with prudence, discrimination, and fortitude, whom we must consider as favourites of the Gods. When any, from weakness of intellect, want of knowledge and experience, or through inattention, fail to perceive the various principles and tendencies of an action, they commonly ascribe to the immediate interposition of Heaven or the favour of Fortune, the success which was owing to the result of united wisdom and sagacity.

IT is beyond all dispute, that no modern general ever obtained greater victories in the field than the duke of Marlborough; yet his conduct has been much less praised than his *good-fortune*. —As I may not perhaps have a better opportunity, I will conclude this Letter with some account of this greatest military genius that our (or perhaps any other) country ever produced.

HIS wonderful success at Blenheim and at Ra-

milies has been attributed to the injudicious arrangements of the enemy. But if the enemy committed errors, Marlborough's genius instantly suggested the best way to take advantage of them.

This reasoning of his detractors, however, will not hold, in the battle of Malplaquet. There Villars, one of the ablest officers that France ever possessed, had taken a position, naturally very strong, but which he made more so by every possible assistance from art. This post Marlborough attacked, and, after a dreadful conflict and carnage, carried: the fall of Mons, and the close of the campaign, were the reward of his exertions.

HIS predicting his success, at the celebrated battle of Oudenarde, at a moment when those about his person had scarcely observed the action to be begun, is a wonderful proof how much he possessed a knowledge of men, as well as of war. As Marlborough approached to the town, some officers were returning from the advanced guard of the army, to demand fresh instructions. He desired them to wait a little; and, after proceeding forward some time, he called them all together, and sent them on to the head of the army, with orders to press the

enemy as much as possible; adding, with looks of confidence, "I see the enemy cannot stand; they must go off, they must go off."

MARLBOROUGH's knowledge of the distractions in the enemy's councils, his unexpected appearance on the banks of the Scheldt, and his confident attempt to cross that river in the face of so numerous an army; these causes, joined to his admirable *coup-d'œil* *, by which he at once saw what the enemy had prepared, and were capable of performing, enabled him to predict, so early in the action, the final issue of the business. —On the whole, an uninterrupted course of success through many years can never be, with any justice, attributed to fortune or chance †.

MARLBOROUGH's enemies at home have even gone so far as to assert, that he was not fond of exposing his person; while others again, with singular inconsistency, accused him of delighting

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* See LETTER XXIII. (Vol. 2.)

† AFTER the victory of Newinde in 1693, a French refugee in king William's army, to flatter his majesty and lessen the glory of marshal Luxembourg, insisted very much on the marshal's good-fortune, without mentioning his military talents. "Hold your tongue, sir," replied the king nobly; "he has been too long a lucky general, to be nothing but a lucky general."

in war. The truth seems to have been, that Marlborough possessed an excellent understanding, qualifying him at once for the camp and the cabinet; an irresistible manner, and an address which rendered mankind pleased with themselves*. He had the appearance, perhaps the

* "Of all the men that ever I knew in my life (and I knew him extremely well)," says lord Chesterfield, in drawing his *personal* character, "the late duke of Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them: and indeed he got the most by them; for I will venture (contrary to the custom of profound historians, who always assign deep causes for great events) to ascribe the better half of the duke of Marlborough's greatness and riches to those graces. His figure was beautiful; but his manner was irresistible, by either man or woman. He gained whomever he had a mind to gain; and he had a mind to gain every body, because he knew that every body was more or less worth gaining. Though his power, as minister and general, made him many political and party enemies, it did not make him a single personal one; and the very people who would gladly have displaced, disgraced, and perhaps attainted, the duke of Marlborough, at the same time loved Mr. Churchill (his family-name). He had wound up and turned his whole machine to please and engage. He had an inimitable sweetness and gentleness in his countenance, a tenderness in his manner of speaking, a graceful dignity in every motion, and an universal and minute attention to the least things that could possibly please the

substance, of modesty, combined with ease and dignity. He reconciled mankind to his fame, by his apparent indifference about it; and by attacking them in general through their vanity, they were willing to return the praise he had bestowed. A remarkable proof of this, was the extreme care he took, on all occasions, to ascribe the credit of his operations to the advice of

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least person. It was by this engaging graceful manner that he was enabled, during all his wars, to connect the various and jarring powers of the grand alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrong-headedness. Whatever court he went to (and he was often obliged to go himself to some restive and refractory ones), he as constantly prevailed, and brought them into his measures. The pensionary Heinsius, a venerable old minister, grown grey in business, and who had governed the republic of the United Provinces for more than forty years, was absolutely governed by the duke of Marlborough, as that republic feels to this day. He was always cool, and nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance: he could refuse more gracefully than other people could grant; and those who went away from him the most dissatisfied as to the substance of their business, were yet personally charmed with him, and in some degree comforted by his manner. Yet with all his gentleness and gracefulness, no man living was more conscious of his situation, or maintained his dignity better."

prince Eugene; whose vanity was so much flattered by the seeming deference of Marlborough, that the latter, by affecting to consult Eugene, was sure to govern him on every point.

HE was perfectly master of his temper*, and never suffered his passions or emotions to discover themselves by any outward demonstrations. His courage was of the calm and steady kind. On one occasion only, as we read in his historian Cunningham, it was roused to a degree of fury. On the most critical and trying emergencies he was cool and collected; and more than once, by presence of mind and quickness of invention, he extricated himself from the greatest and most imminent dangers.

HE is reported to have frequently said, that he was always uneasy while the enemy were at a distance: and that he wished to go nearer to them, that he might learn what they were doing.

MARLBOROUGH lived in unfortunate times. Political dissensions were then carried on with such violence, and to such heights, that it was impossible his conduct could escape severe censure, from one or other of the parties by which England was then convulsed and alternately go-

* A TRIVIAL example on this point is given below, at the conclusion of LETTER XVI.

verned; and he was too closely connected with both parties, to be able long to keep on good terms with either of them. Hence his conduct, both public and private, military and political, has been so variously represented by writers in opposite interests.

THE example of Marlborough is the more alluring to a young officer, as he rose from an ensign's commission to the highest rank and eminence by his merit alone, unassisted by either riches or patronage. I believe you have never seen the noble palace built for him at the national expense, at Woodstock near Oxford; and settled on him and his heirs, with a large estate, by parliament. At some distance in front of the house is a beautiful pillar, erected to his memory by his widow, the pedestal of which is cased with white marble, having on three of its faces, engraved at full length, the several acts of parliament that were passed for different honorary and pecuniary grants to the duke, and his heirs in the female line (as his only son died in childhood). On the face toward the house is a magnificent inscription, which I shall present to you not less for its splendour of style than as a literary curiosity, it being known to have proceeded from the pen of the accom-

plished statesman and philosopher Bolingbroke, the friend of Pope:

The Castle of BLENHEIM, dedicated by Queen ANNE,
in the Fourth Year of her Reign,
in the Year of the Christian Æra One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five,
a Monument designed to perpetuate the Memory of the Signal Victory
obtained over the FRENCH and BAVARIANS,
near the Village of BLENHEIM,
on the Banks of the DANUBE,
by JOHN Duke of MARLBOROUGH,
the Hero not only of His Nation but His Age,
Whose Glory was equal in the Council and in the Field;
Who by Wisdom, Justice, Candour, and Address,
reconciled various and even opposite Interests;
acquired an Influence which no Rank, no Authority, can give,
nor any Force but that of Superior Virtue*;
Became the fixed important Centre
which united in one Common Cause
the principal States of EUROPE:
Who by Military Knowledge and Irresistible Valour,
in a long Series of Uninterrupted Triumphs,
broke the Power of FRANCE,
when raised the highest, when exerted the most,

* Is this sentence complete, or is some such word as *destroy* wanting? The marble bears no appearance of having been defaced here, and the points are not easily distinguishable at such a height from the ground.

rescued the EMPIRE from Desolation,
asserted and confirmed the Liberties of EUROPE.

PHILIP, a Grandson of the House of FRANCE, united to the Interests, directed by the Policy, supported by the Arms, of that Crown, was placed on the Throne of SPAIN. King WILLIAM the Third beheld this formidable Union of two Great and once Rival Monarchies. At the End of a Life spent in defending the Liberties of EUROPE, he saw them in the greatest Danger. He provided for their Security in the most effectual Manner: he took the Duke of MARLBOROUGH into his Service.

Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary
to the States General of the UNITED PROVINCES.

The Duke contracted several Alliances before the Death of King WILLIAM. He confirmed and improved these, He contracted others, after the Accession of Queen ANNE; and reunited the Confederacy, which had been dissolved at the End of a former War, in a strict and firmer League.

Captain General and Commander in Chief
of the Forces of GREAT BRITAIN.

The Duke led to the Field the Army of the Allies. He took with surprising Rapidity VENLO, RUREMONDE, STEVENSWAERT, LIEGE. He extended and secured the Frontiers of the DUTCH. The Enemies whom He found insulting at the Gates of NIMEGHEN, were driven to seek for Shelter behind their Lines. He forced BONNE, HUY, LIMBOURG. In another Campaign He opened the Communication of the RHINE as well as the MAES. He added all the Country between these Rivers to His former Conquests. The Arms of FRANCE, favoured by the Defec-

tion of the Elector of BAVARIA, penetrated into the Heart of the Empire. This mighty Body lay exposed to immediate Ruin. In that memorable Crisis the Duke of MARLBOROUGH led His Troops with unexampled Celerity, Secresy, Order, from the OCEAN to the DANUBE. He saw, He attacked, nor stopped but to conquer, the Enemy. He forced the BAVARIANS, sustained by the FRENCH, in their strong Intrenchments at SCHELLENBERG. He passed the DANUBE. A second Royal Army, composed of the best Troops of FRANCE, was sent to reinforce the first. That of the CONFEDERATES was divided. With one Part of it the Siege of INGOLSTADT was carried on. With the other the Duke gave Battle to the United Strength of FRANCE and BAVARIA. On the Second Day of August, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Four, He gained a more glorious Victory than the Histories of any Age can boast. The Heaps of Slain were dreadful Proofs of His Valour: a Marshal of FRANCE, whole Legions of FRENCH, His Prisoners, proclaimed His Mercy. BAVARIA was subdued. RATISBON, AUGSBOURG, ULM, MEMINGHEN, all the Usurpations of the Enemy, were recovered. The Liberty of the DIET, the Peace of the EMPIRE, were restored. From the DANUBE the Duke turned His victorious Arms towards the RHINE and the MOSELLE. LANDAU, TRIEVES, TRARBACH, were taken. In the Course of one Campaign, the very Nature of the War was changed. The Invaders of other States were reduced to defend their own. The Frontier of FRANCE was exposed in its weakest Part to the Efforts of the Allies.

That He might improve this Advantage, that He might push the Sum of Things to a speedy Decision, the Duke

of MARLBOROUGH led His Troops early in the following Year once more to the MOSELLE. They whom He had saved but a few Months before, neglected to second Him now. They who might have been His Companions in Conquest, refused to join Him. When He saw the generous Designs He had formed, frustrated by private Interest, by Pique, by Jealousy, He returned with Speed to the MAES. He returned, and Fortune and Victory returned with Him. LIEGE was relieved, HUY retaken. The FRENCH, who here pressed the Army of the STATES GENERAL with superior Numbers, retired behind Intrenchments which they deemed impregnable. The Duke forced these Intrenchments with inconsiderable Loss, on the Seventh Day of July, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Five. He defeated a great Part of the Army which defended them: the Rest escaped by a precipitate Retreat. If Advantages proportionable to this Success were not immediately obtained, let the Failure be ascribed to that Misfortune which attends most Confederacies; a Division of Opinions where One alone should judge, a Division of Powers where One alone should Command. The Disappointment itself did Honour to the Duke. It became the Wonder of Mankind how He could do so much, under those Restraints which had hindered Him from doing more.

Powers more absolute were given Him afterwards. The Increase of His Powers multiplied His Victories. At the Opening of the next Campaign, when all His Army was not yet assembled, when it was hardly known that He had taken the Field, the Noise of His Triumphs was heard over EUROPE. On the Twelfth Day of May, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Six, He attacked the

FRENCH at RAMELLIES. In the Space of Two Hours their whole Army was put to Flight. The Vigour and Conduct with which He improved this Success, were equal to those with which He gained it. LOUVAIN, BRUSSELS, MALINES, LIERE, GHENT, OUDENARDE, ANTWERP, DAMME, BRUGES, COURTRAY, surrendered. OSTEND, MENIN, DENDERMONDE, AETH, were taken. BRABANT and FLANDERS were recovered. Places which had resisted the greatest Generals for Months, for Years, Provinces disputed for Ages, were the Conquests of a Summer.

Nor was the Duke content to triumph alone. Solicitous for the General Interest, His Care extended to the remotess Scenes of the War. He chose to lessen His own Army, that He might enable the Leaders of other Armies to conquer. To this it must be ascribed that TURIN was relieved, the Duke of SAVOY reinstated, the FRENCH driven with Confusion out of ITALY.

These Victories gave the CONFEDERATES an Opportunity of carrying the War on every Side into the Dominions of FRANCE. But She continued to enjoy a Kind of peaceful Neutrality in GERMANY. From ITALY She was once alarmed, and had no more to fear. The entire Reduction of this Power, whose Ambition had caused, whose Strength supported, the War, seemed reserved to Him alone Who had so triumphantly begun the Glorious Work.

The Barrier of FRANCE on the Side of the LOW COUNTRIES had been forming for more than Half a Century. What Art, Power, Expence, could do, had been done, to render it impenetrable. Yet here She was most exposed, for here the Duke of MARLBOROUGH threatened to attack Her.

To cover what they had gained by Surprise, or had been yielded to them by Treachery, the FRENCH marched to the Banks of the SCHELDE. At their Head were the Princes of the Blood, and their most fortunate General the Duke of VENDOME. Thus commanded, thus posted, they hoped to check the Victor in His Course. Vain were their Hopes. The Duke of MARLBOROUGH passed the River in their Sight. He defeated their whole Army. The Approach of Night concealed, the Proximity of GHENT favoured, their Flight. They neglected Nothing to repair their Loss, to defend their Frontier. New Generals, new Armies, appeared in the NETHERLANDS. All contributed to enhance the Glory, None were able to retard the Progress, of the Confederate Army.

LISLE, the Bulwark of this Barrier, was besieged. A numerous Garrison, and a Marshal of FRANCE, defended the Place. Prince EUGENE of SAVOY commanded, the Duke of MARLBOROUGH covered and sustained, the Siege. The Rivers were seized, and the Communication with HOLLAND interrupted. The Duke opened new Communications, with great Labour and greater Art. Through Countries overrun by the Enemy, the necessary Convoys arrived in Safety. One only was attacked: the Troops which attacked it were beat. The Defence of LISLE was animated by Assurances of Relief. The FRENCH assembled all their Forces: they marched towards the Town. The Duke of MARLBOROUGH offered them Battle, without suspending the Siege: they abandoned the Enterprise. They came to save the Town: they were Spectators of its Fall.

From this Conquest the Duke hastened to others. The Posts taken by the Enemy on the SCHELDE were surprised. That River was passed the second Time; and

notwithstanding the great Preparations made to prevent it, without Opposition. BRUSSELS, besieged by the Elector of BAVARIA, was relieved. GHENT surrendered to the Duke in the Middle of a Winter remarkably severe. An Army little inferior to His own marched out of the Place.

As soon as the Season of the Year permitted Him to open another Campaign, the Duke besieged and took TOURNAY. He invested MONS. Near this City the FRENCH Army, covered by thick Woods, defended by treble Intrenchments, waited to molest, nor presumed to offer Battle. Even this was not attempted by them with Impunity. On the Last Day of August, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Nine, the Duke attacked them in their Camp. All was employed, Nothing availed, against the Resolution of Such a General, against the Fury of Such Troops. The Battle was bloody; the Event decisive. The Woods were pierced: the Fortifications trampled down: the Enemy fled: the Town was taken.

DOWAY, BETHUNE, AIRE, ST. VENANT, BOUCHAIN, underwent the same Fate in Two succeeding Years. Their vigorous Resistance could not save them. The Army of FRANCE durst not attempt to relieve them: it seemed reserved to defend the Capital of the Monarchy.

The Prospect of this Extreme Distress was neither distant nor dubious. The FRENCH acknowledged their CONQUEROR and sued for PEACE.

These are the Actions of the Duke of MARLBOROUGH; performed in the Compass of Few Years, sufficient to adorn the Annals of Ages.

The Admiration of Other Nations
will be conveyed to Latest Posterity
in the Histories even of the Enemies of BRITAIN.
The Sense which the BRITISH Nation had
of His transcendant Merit
was expressed
in the most solemn, most effectual, most durable, Manner.
The Acts of Parliament inscribed on this Pillar
shall stand as long as the BRITISH Name and Language
last,
Illustrious Monuments
of MARLBOROUGH's Glory
and
of BRITAIN's Gratitude.

LETTER V.

ON FIRMNESS.

FIRMNESS, that first effect of greatness of soul, is a virtue which directs us and sustains us in the most trying situations of our lives; it enables us to look unmoved upon events the most critical, and on death itself.

"I YIELD myself to every chance," said Cesar, to those who exhorted him not to expose himself to the rage of his enemies: "If I must die to-morrow, be it so!—it will not be because I seek death; and I shall not avoid it from my repugnance to submit to it: it is for the Gods to fix the *time* of my death; but the *manner* in which I meet it, is in my own power. If the Gods ordain the dreams of Calphurnia*, it is not that I may seek to preserve my life, but that I may prepare for death: I am full of days and of glory; what has not Cesar performed with honour equal to any of the ancient heroes?

* His wife; who had been alarmed by dreams, respecting his safety.

Cesar yet lives, but Cesar is always prepared to die."

WHEN an attempt was once made to hinder Pompey from embarking during a violent tempest; "It is necessary," said he, "that I should depart; but it is not necessary that I should live."

PRINCE EUGENE, having made himself master of the city of Milan, sent a summons to the marquis De la Floride, commandant of the citadel, threatening to refuse him all quarter if he did not surrender in four-and-twenty hours. "I have defended," answered this intrepid warrior, "twenty-four places for the kings of Spain my masters, and I shall be proud to lose my life in the breach of the twenty-fifth."

BUT it is not sufficient that an officer be firm and intrepid in presence of the enemy; there are occasions in which fortitude is yet more necessary, and may acquire him greater credit: these are in councils of war; and in cases of deliberation on the safety of a town, a corps, and sometimes of an army. It may perhaps require the firmness of only a single resolute character, in an assembly entertaining a multitude of discordant opinions, to preserve a state from the dis-

grace into which their imprudent counsel is about to plunge it.

The Turks, having made themselves masters of Sbarras, laid siege to Trembaula. The nobility resident in the environs, who had taken refuge in the fortress, on seeing the imminence of the danger, and not being informed of the succours which were approaching, communicated their fears to the garrison, and determined to deliver up the place.

The wife of the governor, having privately heard the resolution they had just taken, went to the breach, to inform her husband of what had passed. Chrosonowski instantly flew to the council. "It is yet uncertain," said he, "whether the enemy will master us; but this is certain, that if you persist in your dastardly resolution, I will burn every one of you alive in this hall. The soldiers are at this moment at the doors, and the torches lighted, ready to execute my orders." This firmness had the desired effect, and they continued to defend themselves with the utmost fortitude. The Turks, on their side, redoubled their efforts. Repulsed in four assaults, they were now meditating a fifth. Chrosonowski himself appeared alarmed; when his wife, mistaking this disquietude for weakness,

presented to him two poinards: "If thou surrenderest," said she to him fiercely, "one of these shall be against thy life, and the other against my own." At that instant the Polish army arrived, and compelled the raising of the siege.

The bloody defeat of the Romans at Cannæ, threw the city of Rome into the deepest consternation and despair. Scipio learnt that a great number of citizens of the first rank, and many of the senators, who had escaped the chains of the Carthaginians, were assembled under one Metellus, and had formed the design of abandoning not only the town, but Italy. He hastened to the spot, followed by a few friends. On entering the assembly, he drew his sword: "I swear," said he, "that I will never abandon the republic, nor will suffer any of its citizens to abandon it." Then addressing himself to the master of the house where they were assembled: "It is necessary that you, and all those now here, take the same oath, or I will put every one of you to death." To this firmness of Scipio, Rome and Italy owed their safety.

HOLLAND, under circumstances as deplorable, was equally indebted to two of its citizens. Lous XIV. had made himself master of Naarden, Voorden, and Oudewater. The rapidity

of his conquests, his near approach, and the impossibility of receiving succours, determined the magistrates of Amsterdam to send the keys to the Conqueror. Hope, grand pensionary of the city, and Hasler, chief-bailiff, strongly remonstrated against this advice. Their remonstrances were in vain, fear having seized all the other magistrates. In this extremity these two heroic citizens opened a window which looked upon a square adjoining the hall, and threatened to call in the populace instantly, if they did not alter their resolution. The certainty of being immediately torn to pieces, made so powerful an impression on the magistrates, that they gave up their first intention, and began to take every measure for the security of the place.

FIRMNESS is, above all things, essential at a time of revolt: especially should this happen in the corps of which you have yourself the command. In such circumstances, the greatest intrepidity and composure are required.

AFTER the battle of Pharsalia, Marc Antony led back to Italy the greater part of the troops which had been employed in the war against Pompey. He quartered them in the environs of Rome. These famous legions, which had

served in Gaul, and had prosecuted the war of Epirus and of Thessaly, thought themselves entitled, at the close of their labours, to the rewards which Cesar had so often promised them. When they were sounded about repassing the ocean on fresh enterprises, they absolutely refused to obey, unless the long-expected recompense were paid them; and resisted all the representations made to them by Cesar, through the medium of Sallust, who was then lately made prætor, and by other distinguished officers. These messages only increased the insolence of the rebels: they offered personal violence to Sallust: and after having barbarously murdered two prætors, marched straight to Rome, pillaging and destroying every thing in their way. The danger both to Cesar and to the city became extreme. But the soul of this great man was inaccessible to fear. He ordered the gates to be shut; and advancing with a small escort, presented himself to the mutineers. His air and manner greatly disconcerted these misguided and furious men. He boldly mounted the tribune; and so well did he know how to manage the multitude, that the seditious troops in a very short time were prostrate at his feet, offered themselves to his vengeance, and solicited, as

a favour, the honour of following him to the African war. Cesar, after having suffered them to remain for some time in suspense and apprehension, affected to yield to their entreaties, and granted them a pardon. He excepted only the Tenth legion; which, however, afterward joined him in Africa, though contrary to his orders. The conduct of Cesar on this occasion, perhaps more than any other of his life, showed him to be a truly great man.

THE example which Scipio Africanus had, before Cesar's time, shown in a still more serious emergence of this nature, is so admirable, and the whole event so truly interesting, that I shall make no excuse to you for giving a detail of it from Livy and Appian.

DURING his wars in Spain, Scipio was taken very ill; and rumour declared his sickness much more dangerous than it was in reality. The whole province of Spain, and especially the most distant quarters, were filled with trouble and confusion in consequence of this news. The allies became unfaithful, and the soldiers seditious. Mandonius and Indibilis (two Spanish princes), having caused their subjects and a great number of Celtiberians to take arms, made excursions into the territories of the allies of the Roman

people. But the most unhappy circumstance of this revolt was, that even the citizens themselves forgot their duty to their country.

Near Sucro there was a body of eight thousand Romans, who had been encamped there in order to awe the people on that side of the Iberus. These troops had begun to mutiny, before the news of Scipio's illness arrived. Long ease, as usually happens, had produced licentiousness. Accustomed, during war, to live at large in the enemy's country, they suffered themselves with great reluctance to be kept within bounds in time of peace. At first they only murmured in secret. "If there be still any enemies in the province," said these soldiers, "why do they keep us in a country at peace, where we remain in a state of inaction? Or if the war be terminated, why do not they let us return to Italy?" The news of Scipio's sickness, followed immediately by the report of his death, increased their disaffection, and they demanded their pay with insolence. When on guard, they insulted the tribunes as they walked the rounds: and many went out to plunder in the neighbouring villages, whose inhabitants were allies of the Romans. Even in open day, and without regard to orders, they quitted their colours, and went

where they pleased, without asking permission of their officers.

They still however retained an appearance of a Roman camp, solely with the hope of rendering their tribunes the accomplices of their sedition and disorder. But when, after various trials, they found that to be impossible, they drove the officers out of the camp, and unanimously transferred the command to two private soldiers, the authors of the sedition. These fellows did not content themselves with the ensigns of legionary tribunes: they had the impudence to assume the marks of supreme power, and to cause the rods and axes to be carried before them; without considering, that the superb equipage which they employed for keeping others in awe, would be the instruments of the punishment their crime had deserved.

The mutineers every moment expected couriers with the news of Scipio's funeral. But several days having passed without any confirmation of the report of his death, they began to search for the first authors of it: every one shifting it from himself; and choosing rather to seem to have believed the news too lightly, than to have invented it. It was then that the ringleaders of the mutiny, seeing themselves no longer supported

with the same ardour as formerly, began to look on the fasces with terror; and to tremble at the effects of a lawful authority, ready to fall on them with the whole weight of its just indignation.

The sedition was now, if not extinguished, at least greatly damped; when certain advice was brought, first that Scipio was alive, and next that he was absolutely out of danger. Soon after seven legionary tribunes, sent by Scipio, arrived in the camp. The sight of these officers at first incensed the soldiers; but their obliging and familiar behaviour, attended with an air of kindness and goodwill, soon made every body quiet. They insinuated themselves into the knots of soldiers discoursing together, and shared in the conversation; and without reproaching them in the least for their past conduct, seemed desirous only to be informed of the occasion of their discontent and alarms. The soldiers complained of not having been paid on the fixed days: adding, that it was by their valour the glory of the Roman name had been preserved, as well as the province; which the death of the two Scipios, and the defeat of their armies, had exposed to the utmost danger. The tribunes replied, that it was easy to give them satisfaction; and that

Scipio and the commonwealth were both able and willing to bestow on their services and valour the rewards which these had merited.

Scipio was at no loss when the question was to make war; but having never before experienced a sedition, he did not well know how to act on the present occasion. He resolved to adopt a middle course; and neither to let the mutineers escape with perfect impunity, nor yet to inflict on them too severe a punishment: With this view he sent to the tributary cities the persons who collected the revenues of the commonwealth; and this gave the soldiers hopes that they should immediately be paid their arrears. Some days after, he published a decree, by which they were commanded to come to Carthagena, to receive their pay; separately by companies, or all together if they chose it. They thought it most prudent to embrace the latter method. When they arrived in the neighbourhood of Carthagena, they were informed that all the troops Scipio had in that city were to set out, under the conduct of Silanus, in order to reduce the revolted Spaniards. This news not only delivered them from the dread and anxiety which the remembrance of their crimes gave them, but filled them with the greatest joy. They imagined that their

general was on the point of remaining alone with them, and that they should thus be more in a condition to give him law than to receive it from him. They entered the city towards the close of the day, and saw the troops there making all the necessary preparations for their departure. During the night, those who were to be punished, amounting to about thirty-five, and who were the principal authors of the sedition, were seized. Great care was taken to do this without noise. Toward the end of the night, the baggage of the army which (as it was pretended) was to set out, began its march. At day-break the troops advanced out of the city: but stopped at the gate; and guards were posted at all the other gates, to prevent any one from coming out.

After these precautions, those who arrived the night before came to the assembly to which they had been summoned, with an air of haughtiness and arrogance; as people who were on the point of filling their general with terror, and far from fearing any thing from him. Scipio then ascended his tribunal; and at that instant the troops who had been made to march out of the city, having re-entered, surrounded the unarmed soldiers assembled round their general. At that moment all their insolence forsook them; and what ter-

rified them most, was the vigour and healthy look of Scipio (whom they expected to find languid and weak with long sickness), and a visage more fierce and enraged than they had ever observed him to have in the day of battle. He continued sitting for some time without saying a word; till he was informed that the authors of the sedition had been carried to the public place, and that all things were ready.

Then causing silence to be proclaimed by a lictor, he spoke to this effect: "I never thought that when I was to speak to my soldiers, I could have been at a loss for what to say. However, at this time, both thoughts and expressions fail me. I do not know what name to give you. Shall I call you citizens? You who have revolted against your country: you who have thrown off your obedience to your general's authority, and violated the oath by which you bound yourselves to him. Or shall I call you enemies? You have the appearance, the habits, of citizens: but your actions, language, and conspiracies, show you to be enemies. And accordingly, wherein have your intentions and hopes differed from those of the Spaniards? You are even more criminal, and more frantic, than they. For after all, they followed as the leaders of their frenzy Mandonius

and Indibilis, princes of the blood royal; whereas you have had the baseness to acknowledge for your generals two men, the mere dregs of the army. Deny that you have had any share in so detestable, so extravagant a design. Affirm, that it was the contrivance of a small number of frantic, abandoned wretches. I shall be glad to believe you; and it is my interest so to do.

"As to me, after having driven the Carthaginians out of Spain, I did not imagine, considering the conduct I have held, that there was a single place in the whole province where my life was hateful, or a single man that could desire my death. How much I was deceived in this hope! The moment the report of my death was spread in my camp, my own soldiers not only heard it with indifference, but even expected the confirmation of it with impatience. I am far from thinking that the whole army thought in the same manner. If I believed this, I could not longer support a life become so odious to all my countrymen and to all my soldiers, and should sacrifice it here before your eyes.

"But let us suppose that you believed my death with more precipitation than joy, and that I did not deserve your attachment and fidelity so much as I imagined;—what had your country

done to you, that you should betray it by joining Mandonius and Indibilis? What had the Roman people done to you, that you should turn your arms against them? What injury had you received from them, to deserve such a revenge? What! did your not being paid for a few days, during the illness of your general, seem a sufficient reason for violating all laws human and divine? In former times, an unjust sentence and an unhappy banishment induced Coriolanus to besiege Rome. But the respect alone that he owed his mother, wrested the arms out of his hands, and obliged him to renounce his enterprise.

"And after all, what was the end of yours? and what advantage did you expect from so frantic and criminal a conspiracy? Were you in hopes of depriving the Roman people of the possession of Spain, and of making yourselves masters of it? But should I have died, would the commonwealth have ended with my life? Would the sovereignty of the Roman people have expired with me? May the Gods forbid, that the duration of a state founded under their auspices to subsist eternally, should become equal, and be limited, to that of a frail and perishable body like mine? The Roman people have survived the

loss of Paulus Æmilius, Marcellus, the two Scipios, my father and uncle, and the many illustrious generals who have perished in the same war; and will survive a thousand others, whom the sword or disease may carry off. You certainly lost all reason and sense, when you abandoned your duty; and you can be considered only as a people seized with frenzy and distraction.

"But let all that is past be buried, if possible, in eternal oblivion, or at least in profound silence. For my part, I shall reproach you with it no more; and may you forget, as I shall entirely, the excesses you have run into. As to what regards you in general,—if you repent of your crime, I am satisfied. For the wretches who have corrupted you, they shall expiate their crime with their blood. If you have recovered the use of your reason, their punishment will not only give no pain, but even be agreeable to you; for they have wronged none so much as yourselves."

As soon as Scipio had finished, all that was capable of striking terror into their souls was exhibited to their eyes and ears. The soldiers of the other army, who had surrounded the assembly, began to strike their swords on their shields;

and at the same instant was heard the voice of the herald, summoning those who had been condemned, into the presence of the council. After having been stripped, they were dragged into the middle of the assembly, and the instruments of their punishment were immediately brought out. While they were being fastened to stakes, whipped with rods, and beheaded, their accomplices remained motionless; and so struck with dread, that not a single complaint, nor even a groan, escaped them. The dead bodies were then removed; and the soldiers, having all been called in succession, took a new oath in Scipio's name to the tribunes, and at the same instant all their arrears were paid to them.

LETTER VI.

ON THE LOVE OF OUR COUNTRY.

THE love of our country is one of the most noble and most generous of principles. It not unfrequently gets the better even of self-love; for a true patriot is at all times willing, if called upon, to sacrifice his possessions, his dearest interests, his life itself, in his country's service:—and this sentiment is founded in justice; for when men have agreed to live in society, all private attachments ought to yield to the public benefit. The records of antiquity are crowded with glorious examples of devotedness and of sacrifices to this honourable passion.

How noble is the picture of an officer who, having received a musket-ball through the body, says only to his comrades and the soldiers that pressed round him: "My friends," showing them a passage it was necessary to force, "that is the path to glory; take no thought of me—but do your duty!"

An aged officer, whose son was wounded

with the same bullet that killed Turenne, exclaimed: "It is not for my son you must weep; but for that great man, and the irreparable loss which your country will sustain in his death."

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY too, whose name will be an everlasting honour to England, being mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen, the surgeon of count Hallard, who attended on that officer as well as on his wounded master, told him that he was afraid he could not save the life of sir Philip. "Away!" said the count angrily; "never return to me till you bring news of that man's recovery, whose life is of more value to his country than many such as mine."

COURAGE is undoubtedly the principal virtue of a general; but a man who is entrusted with the destiny of thousands of his fellow-creatures, if he be not influenced by a sincere love for the true interests of his country, will, like Sempronius and Varro, and some generals of our own day, sacrifice his troops wantonly to his ambition, and the desire of a false reputation*: true glory

* BUONAPARTE is said to have forced the *bridge* of Lodi from an impulse of vanity, in front of the Austrian cannon, at the expence of six thousand of his best troops: when at the distance of a few miles he might have forded the *river* with an inconsiderable loss.

requires virtues of which Sempronius and Varro were destitute.

THE love of our country ought to be the leading motive to excite us to great actions. It was this sentiment that drew Hannibal from the heart of Africa, urged him to undertake the most formidable difficulties in the war against the Romans, and rendered him finally their conqueror. Wherever it prevails in its genuine vigour and extent, it absorbs all sordid and selfish regards; it subdues the love of ease, power, pleasure, and wealth; nay, when the amiable partialities of friendship, gratitude, or even private and domestic affections, come in competition with it, it will teach us to sacrifice all, in order to maintain the rights, and promote and defend the honour and happiness, of our country.

A SPARTAN lady had five sons in the army, and was hourly in expectation of news from the field of battle. A messenger returns from the camp, and with trembling agitation she applies to him for information. "Your five sons," said he, "are slain." "Base slave! did I ask thee that?" "Yet we have gained the victory." "Thanks to the Gods!" exclaimed the mother:

and she instantly flew to the temple, in order to offer up her thanks.

AT the siege of St. Lo, in 1574, the commandant of that garrison could not be prevailed upon to surrender it. He mounted the breach, accompanied by his two sons; one a boy of ten, the other of twelve, years of age. "My companions!" said he to his soldiers; "in conjunction with your lives and my own, I make a sacrifice to God of what I hold most dear in this world—the lives of my two children. I would much rather that their blood, pure and without taint, should now be mixed with my own, than that my country should fall into the hands of those tyrants (the Leaguers)." He was soon after killed by a cannon-ball, his children remaining unhurt.

A CORSICAN gentleman, who had been taken prisoner by the Genoese, was thrown into a dungeon, where he was chained to the ground. While he was in this situation, the Genoese sent a message to him,—that if he would accept of a commission in their service, he might have it. "No," said he; "were I to embrace your offer, it would be with a determined purpose to take the first opportunity of returning to the service of my country. But I will not accept it: for I

would not have my countrymen even suspect that I could be one moment unfaithful." And he remained in his dungeon*.

THE noblest triumph of patriotism consists in forgetting our private animo ities and resentments; our feelings of unrewarded service, and injured, perhaps insulted, merit; when the good of our country again requires our active exertions.—A long series of calumnies, the suggestions of envy, had deprived the Prussian general Zieten of the confidence of his sovereign, had forced from the presence of Frederic his best and bravest commander. The monarch at length perceived his true interest, and sought to recal Zieten to his station in the army. He employed for this purpose the intervention of one of his

* THERE is a singular anecdote of an officer who could scarcely bring the principle which is the subject of this Letter, into competition with his sense of the honour of his family.—While Louis XIV. besieged Lisle, the count de Brouai, governor of the town, had occasion one day to make some communication to him in his camp. When the messenger was returning, the duke de Charrost, captain of the guards, called out, "Tell Brouai not to follow the example of the governor of Douay, who yielded like a coward." The king turned round laughing, and said, "Charrost, are you mad?"—"How, sir?" answered he; "Brouai is my cousin."

officers, who called upon Zieten, and in the course of conversation asked him, as if by mere accident, what he intended to do in case a war should break out: he likewise made particular inquiry into the state of his health, and hoped it would not prevent his joining the army. Zieten was not unprepared for the visit: he suspected the object of it, and received the royal emissary with suitable dignity and caution. "It is absolutely impossible," he replied, "for me to undertake the campaign. Since I lost the king's favour, I have been a continual prey to vexations which have impaired my health and depressed my courage. I cannot see in what manner I can be useful. I can neither change my tactics nor my conduct: unfortunately, both have displeased the king, and involved me in disgrace. With principles like mine, it is impossible to serve: I shall be an incumbrance to the army, a mere machine without spring or motion." The visitor urged every thing that he could suggest by way of counteracting this resolution; and on pretence of the warm interest which he took in the general's welfare, began to insinuate with all the art of a courtier, that it would cost him nothing to be reinstated in the good graces of the monarch; that a single word

would remove every obstacle. Zieten however would not accept a pardon from the king: it was justice, not pardon, that he looked for at his hands; nor could he condescend to owe that justice to the intercession of an enemy. He therefore remained firm in his purpose.

Frederic had the return of Zieten too much at heart, not to determine on making another attempt. What had been refused to the favourite, might, he conceived, be granted to the monarch; the subject, he hoped, might yield to the solicitation of his sovereign. He therefore resolved to call himself upon Zieten, and alone. Frederic hoped that his eloquence would prove a cure for the general's assumed indisposition. He at first attempted to make him acknowledge his faults, and was desirous to persuade him that he himself had been the sole cause of the misunderstanding which had so long subsisted between them. He ended his harangue with a promise of forgetting every thing that had passed, and held out his hand in token of reconciliation.

The king thought he had now done all that was necessary; and indeed he had done much for a prince like Frederic the Great. But he went too far with Zieten, when he required him to take upon himself the whole of the blame;

to acknowledge faults of which he had not been guilty, and negligences which he had not fallen into; and to consider as a favour the recovery of the good graces of his sovereign. The wrongs of which Zieten had to complain, were too deeply rooted in his memory. In the struggle that was necessary to enable him to tear himself from his king and country, his feelings had been too deeply wounded to admit of an easy cure. He listened in profound silence to the representations of the monarch: but he heard them without yielding himself up to them; and the moment of reconciliation began to appear more distant than ever, when the good Genius of Prussia prompted Frederic with the following words: "No; it cannot be possible that Zieten, my faithful general, on the approach of a perilous war, should abandon his king and country, whose confidence he so fully possesses!" These few words triumphed over the firmness of the hero, and found the way to his heart. He threw himself at the monarch's feet, and vowed to shed the last drop of his blood in his service.

THE love of our country, far from being an unsocial sentiment, is what, above every other, attaches us the most strongly to our parents, to our wives, our children, our friends, and to

those scenes and places which are endeared to us by our earliest pleasures. How then, we may ask, can such a principle inspire us with a hatred of the rest of the world?

An officer who is not in the service of his own country, ought to consider that as his country for which he bears arms. He is bound to it by the engagements he has contracted, by the post which his prince has entrusted him with, and by the protection he enjoys under his government: he therefore owes to him the same fidelity, zeal, and attachment, as he would have manifested towards the country that gave him birth.

The Swedes pressed with irresistible vigour the siege of Copenhagen. The fortress of Rendsbourg, in Holstein, was the only place by which the land succours could be conveyed to the besieged. On taking this town, Copenhagen must have been compelled to surrender; but the place was strong, the garrison numerous, and the commander a man of great reputation. The duke of Holstein, who was in the interest of the Swedes, hoped to deprive Copenhagen of this resource. He made an offer to the inhabitants of Rendsbourg to take them under his protection, to provide for their safety by means of the troops he had then with him, and promised to obtain for

them the neutrality of his cousin the king of Sweden. The father of the commandant, being in the duke's service, was the person pitched upon to convey these proposals. "It would have been difficult to persuade me," said the son to him, "that you were capable of making me a proposition of this nature: allow me to say, that were you not my father, I should not have listened to it with patience, and a dungeon should have been the punishment of such insolence." The father, who was influenced only by the motive of duty towards the prince whom he served, replied: "Thus far have I spoken to you as a subject of the duke; but as your father, I declare to you, that if you had had the weakness to discover the least inclination of surrendering the fortress which is confided to your charge, I should have been the first to treat you as a traitor and a rebel, and to declare you unworthy of the name you bear."

LETTER VII.

ON GREATNESS OF SOUL.

GREATNESS of soul consists, not only in courage enlightened by justice and humanity (virtues without which courage is seldom any thing else than ferocity) but likewise in a certain elevation, which, setting us above every kind of weakness, renders us, in a manner, inaccessible to it. Thus the brave man becomes intrepid amidst dangers, indifferent in the most terrible misfortunes, and tranquil in those trying moments, when the most distinguished courage is apt to fail. The spectacle most worthy the attention of the Gods, says Seneca, and that which they contemplate with the greatest approbation, is a virtuous man struggling against ill-fortune, and raising himself superior to it.

THE French in Canada once made an attack on the Iroquois Indians, who were surprised and routed. The most distinguished among them, a venerable chief, nearly a hundred years of age, either disdaining or not being able to fly, was

taken prisoner and abandoned to the savages, who, according to their custom, made him suffer the most exquisite tortures. The old man did not utter a groan or a sigh; but severely reproached his countrymen for submitting to be the slaves of Europeans, of whom he spoke with the utmost contempt. These invectives irritated one of the spectators; who struck him several blows with a sabre, to dispatch him: "You are wrong," replied the intrepid prisoner coolly, "to attempt to shorten my life, which might have allowed you more time to learn from my example, how to die like a man!"

INNUMERABLE instances of the various kinds of magnanimity or greatness of soul, are recorded in ancient and modern history. A few of these it may give you pleasure to learn, or be reminded of.

LEONIDAS having, with three hundred men only, disputed the pass of Thermopylæ against the whole army of Xerxes, and being killed in the conflict, Xerxes, by the advice of Mardonius, one of his generals, caused his dead body to be hung upon a gallows: thus making the intended dishonour of his enemy his own immortal shame*.

* LEONIDAS and his three hundred heroes fell, with

But some time after, Xerxes being defeated, and Mardonius slain, one of the principal citizens of Ægina addressed himself to Pausanias, desiring him to avenge the indignity which Mardonius and Xerxes had shown to Leonidas, by treating the body of Mardonius after the same manner. As a farther motive for doing so, he added, that by thus satisfying the manes of those who were killed at Thermopylæ, he would immortalize his own name throughout Greece, and make his memory dear to the latest posterity. "Carry thy base counsels elsewhere," replied Pausanias: thou must have a very wrong notion of true glory, to imagine that the way for me to acquire it is to imitate the barbarians. If the esteem of the people of Ægina is not to be purchased but by such a proceeding, I shall be content with preserving that of the Lacedemonians only; among whom the base and ungenerous pleasure of revenge is never put in competition with that of shewing clemency and moderation to an enemy, especially after his death. As for my departed countrymen, they are sufficiently avenged

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the exception of one man; who contrived to make his escape to Sparta, where he was received as a traitor and a coward.

by the death of the many thousand Persians slain on the same spot in the last engagement."

The inhabitants of Privernum being subdued and taken prisoners after a revolt, one of them was asked by Plautinus, a Roman senator who advised putting them all to death, what punishment he and his fellow-captives deserved. He answered with great intrepidity: "We deserve that punishment which is due to men who are jealous of their liberty, and think themselves worthy of it." Plautinus, perceiving that this answer exasperated some of the senators, endeavoured to prevent the ill effects of it, by putting a milder question: "How would you behave," said he, "if Rome should pardon you?" "Our conduct," replied the generous captive, depends upon yours. If the peace you grant be an honourable one, you may be assured of a constant fidelity on our parts: if the terms of it be hard and dishonourable, lay no stress on our adherence to you." Some of the judges considered these words as insolent: but the wiser part, perceiving in them a great degree of magnanimity, exclaimed, that a nation whose only desire was liberty, and their only fear that of losing it, was worthy to become Roman. Accordingly a decree passed in favour of the prisoners, and Privernum

was declared a municipal town. Thus the bold sincerity of one man saved his country, and gained it the privilege of being incorporated into the Roman state.

WHEN Alexander the Great had totally defeated the numerous army of Porus, an Indian prince of great courage and prudence, the conqueror desired to see his unsuccessful enemy. After much entreaty, Porus consented. Alexander, on his approach, advanced in order to receive him, with some of his train. Having come pretty near him, Alexander stopped to take a view of his noble mien, he being much above the common height: some historians say he was seven feet and a half in stature. Porus did not seem dejected at his misfortune; but advanced with a resolute countenance, like a warrior whose courage in defending his dominions ought to acquire him the esteem of his victor. Alexander spoke first: and with an august and gracious air, asked him how he desired to be treated. "Like a king!" replied Porus. "But," continued Alexander, "do you ask nothing more?" "No," replied Porus; "every thing is included in that single word." Alexander, struck with this greatness of soul, the heroism of which seemed heightened by distress, not only restored

his kingdom, but annexed other provinces to it, and treated him with the highest marks of honour, esteem and friendship. Porus was faithful to him till death.—It is hard to say, whether the victor or the vanquished best deserved praise on this occasion.

RICHARD the First, king of England, having invested the castle of Chalons, was shot in the shoulder with an arrow; and an unskilful surgeon, endeavouring to extract the weapon, mangled the flesh in such a manner that a mortification ensued. The castle being taken, and perceiving that he should not survive, he ordered Bertrand de Gourdon, who had shot the arrow, to be brought into his presence. Bertrand being come: "What harm," said the king, "did I ever do thee, that thou shouldst kill me?" The other replied with great magnanimity and courage: "You killed with your own hand my father and two of my brothers, and designed to kill me. You may now satiate your revenge. I should cheerfully suffer all the torments that can be inflicted, were I sure of having delivered the world of a tyrant who filled it with blood and carnage." This spirited answer had such an effect on Richard, that he ordered the prisoner to be presented with a hundred shillings, and set at

liberty; but Maccardec, one of the king's officers, inhumanly had him flayed alive.

THE duke of Guise was informed that a protestant gentleman had come into his camp with an intention to assassinate him. The duke sent for him (who immediately avowed his intention), and asked him whether his design arose from any offence he had ever given him. "Your excellency never gave me any, I assure you," replied the gentleman; "my motive for desiring your life is because you are the greatest enemy our religion ever knew." Well then, my friend," said the duke to him; "if your religion incites you to assassinate me, my religion tells me to forgive you:" and he sent him immediately out out of the camp.—Another person was once brought to the duke, who had boasted that he would kill him. The duke, looking at him very attentively, and observing his embarrassed countenance, said to his officers: "That blockhead will never have the heart to kill me: let him go; it is not worth while to confine him."

THE son of that great man however, and his successor in his title, suffered from a display of the same heroic virtue. On the day before that on which he was assassinated by order of his sovereign, Henry the Third, of France, some

one put a note under his plate at dinner, to inform him of the king's intention. He read the note with great coolness; and wrote under with his pencil, "He dares not:" and finished his dinner very quietly. The next morning, in going to attend the king as usual, he found too late the truth of the intelligence which had been conveyed to him.

THE uncommon method which Gustavus Adolphus, king of Sweden, employed to obtain the friendship of Banier, so celebrated for his attachment to this prince, and distinguished for his many victories, deserves to be related. Perhaps there never was a king who adopted such means to get a friend.

GUSTAVUS's father, Charles the Tenth, whose reign was marked with cruelty, killed the father of Banier. One day, when Gustavus was hunting with young Banier, he requested him to quit the chace, and ride into a wood. When they came into a thick part of it, the king alighted from his horse, and said to Banier: "My father was the destroyer of yours. If you wish to revenge his death by mine, kill me immediately: if not, be my friend for ever." Banier, overcome by his feelings, and astonished at such magnani-

nity, threw himself at Gustavus's feet, and vowed to him an eternal friendship.

A SIMILAR anecdote of the same monarch is related on another occasion.—He was of a very hasty disposition; which he one day even carried so far as to give colonel Seaton a slap on the face, for something which that officer had done to displease him. Seaton demanded his dismission from the army, obtained it, and set out for the frontier of Denmark. The king, ashamed of the insult he had thus put upon a brave and excellent officer, soon followed him on a swift horse and overtook him. "Seaton," said he, "I see you are justly offended; and I am the cause of it. I am sorry for it, as I have a great regard for you. I have followed you hither, to give you satisfaction. I am now, as you well know, out of my own kingdom; so that at present we are equals. Here are pistols and swords; avenge yourself, if you please." Seaton immediately threw himself at the king's feet, and declared he had already received ample satisfaction. They then returned to Stockholm together, where Gustavus related this adventure to all his court.

NOR is this virtue confined, in either its na-

ture or its exercise, to persons of elevated stations.—When the great Condé commanded the Spanish army in Flanders, and laid siege to one of the towns there, a soldier being ill-treated by a general officer, and struck several times with a cane, for some words he had spoken, answered very coolly, that he would soon make him repent it. A fortnight after, the same general ordered the colonel of the trenches to find him out a bold and intrepid fellow in his regiment to execute a particular service, for which he promised a reward of a hundred pistoles. The soldier above spoken of, who passed for the bravest in the regiment, offered himself for the business; and taking with him thirty of his comrades whom he selected, performed the enterprise, which was a very hazardous one, with incredible courage and success. On his return the general commended him highly, and gave him the hundred pistoles he had promised. These however the soldier immediately distributed among his comrades, saying he did not do the service for pay; and demanded only that, if his late action seemed to deserve any recompense, they would make him an officer: "And now, sir," continued he to the general, who did not know him, "I am the soldier whom you so abused a fortnight ago;

and I told you I would make you repent it." The general instantly recollected him; and in admiration threw his arms round his neck, begged his pardon, and gave him a commission.

AT the siege of Namur by the allies, there were in the ranks of the company commanded by captain Pincent, in colonel Frederic Hamilton's regiment, one Unnion a corporal, and one Valentine a private sentinel. There happened between these two men a dispute about an affair of love; which, on some aggravations, grew to an irreconcileable hatred. Unnion being Valentine's superior, took all opportunities even to strike his rival, and profess the ill-will which excited him to it. The other bore this without resistance, but frequently said he would die to be revenged of his tyrant. They had spent whole months in this manner, one injuring, and the other complaining, when they were both ordered on the attack of the castle, where the corporal received a shot in the thigh, and fell: the French pressing on, and as he expected to be trampled to death, he called out to his enemy, "Ah, Valentine! can you leave me here?" Valentine immediately ran to him; and in the midst of a thick fire of the French, took him upon his back, and brought him through the

danger as far as the abbey of Salsine, where a cannon ball took off his head: his body fell under his enemy whom he was carrying off. Unnion immediately forgot his wound, rose tearing his hair, and then threw himself on the bleeding carcass, crying, "Ah Valentine! was it for me, who have so barbarously used thee, that thou hast died? I will not live after thee." He could not be forced from the body; but was removed with it bleeding in his arms, and attended with tears by all their comrades who knew their enmity. When he was brought to a tent, his wounds were dressed; but the next day, still calling on Valentine, and lamenting his cruelties to him, he died in agonies of remorse.

LETTER VIII.

ON HUMANITY.

AN officer cannot acquire the military virtues, but in proportion as he practises the moral ones. Among the latter, Humanity holds the first rank, and gives a lustre to all the rest.

WAR, that expedient to which the vices and follies of mankind originally prompted them for the arbitration of their contradictory interests and opinions, appears in its most terrible form when unchecked in its excesses by the interference of this amiable virtue.—Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, having met with very great resistance in besieging the town of Nesle; as soon as it surrendered to him, he ordered the inhabitants to be put to the sword, the commanding officer to be hung on the ramparts, and the whole town to be set on fire. Then, looking on these atrocities with the greatest coolness, he said to one of his attendants, "Such fruit does the tree of war bear."

HAPPILY however for the world, the heroes of military story have not always been of such

principles. "Brave men," said Henry the Fourth of France, "are the last to advise war, but the first to go into the field when it is determined upon." He answered some who wished him to break off a treaty of capitulation, that it was a thing against nature, and barbarous, to make war from the mere love of war; and that a prince should never refuse a peace, unless it was extremely disadvantageous to his country. "There would be fewer wars in the world," added he, "if every sovereign would visit his military hospitals the day after a battle."

THE duke of Marlborough observing a soldier leaning pensively on the butt of his firelock just after a victory had declared itself in favour of the British arms at the battle of Blenheim, accosted him thus: "Why so sad, my friend, after so glorious a victory?" It may be glorious," replied the fellow; "but I am thinking that all the blood I have spilt this day has only earned me fourpence*." To the credit of humanity, it may be recorded, that the duke turning aside, a tear was observed to fall from his cheek.

A SINGLE feature of humanity has often gained a hero greater honour and applause, than

* A PRIVATE soldier's daily pay at that time.

the most brilliant and dazzling achievements. The battles of Arbela, of Zama, and of Pharsalia, were less glorious for Alexander, Scipio, and Cesar, and have rendered their names less dear to posterity, than the opportunities of generosity which they effectually afforded to their respective heroes*.

PLUTARCH relates that one of the principal citizens of Athens having been taken prisoner by

* ALEXANDER having conquered Darius, king of Persia, at Arbela, took a vast number of prisoners; and among others, the wife and mother of Darius. According to the laws of war, he might have made slaves of them: but he had too much greatness of soul to make a bad use of his victory; he therefore treated them as queens, and shewed them the same attention and respect as if he had been their subject; which Darius hearing, said that Alexander deserved to be victorious, and was alone worthy to reign in his stead.

IN the battle of Pharsalia, Cesar, as he rode about, cried, "Spare the citizens!" nor were any killed, but such as continued to make resistance. After the battle, he permitted every man of his own army to save one of the contrary: and at last gave leave to all whom he had not yet pardoned, to return in peace to Italy, to enjoy their estates, honours, and commands. When he heard of the death of Pompey, which was caused by the villany of others, he was so far from exulting, that he burst into tears, and punished his murderers.

the Macedonians, was so well treated by them, that when they were about to release him, he said to his countrymen, who were surprised at seeing him shed tears: "Do you think that I can without regret take leave of a city which contains *enemies* so generous, that it will be difficult to find elsewhere *friends* equally valuable?" This conduct of the Macedonians subdued more people to Alexander than the power of his arms.

THE truly great man is always a good citizen: he considers humanity as the first of his duties: he is just, disinterested, and unassuming, to all. He may be quick and rapid in his movements, but they will be always tempered by wisdom and kindness: he is never terrible, but to the enemy; to his superiors he is submissive, easy with his equals, affable with his inferiors, and accessible to all. He does not pride himself on his talents, and he will take care to notice and to reward those of others: in short, you will see him at all times sacrificing his glory and his advantage to the good of his country. His private interests, unjust insults from others, or ill-grounded prejudices against him, will never induce him to swerve from that moderation which regulates the whole of his conduct.

HUMANITY is frank and disinterested: self-

interest is sufficient to tarnish the noblest actions of a warrior; for the people, who in this case will not fail to ascribe his actions to avarice, will withhold from him even the praise which he has justly earned. Is not the satisfaction of acquiring the esteem and the love of a whole province, of infinitely greater value, than the possession of a sum of money which has been wrung from the unfortunate, and thus caused the ruin of a hundred families?

WHEN Turenne, after the war of the Venetians against the Turks, was about to return to France, the Sclavonians, in offering to him their parting wishes, thus addressed him: "We pray from our hearts, that wherever you go, you may be received with affection and respect equal to your merits; but should you hereafter have need of us, we now offer, in the name of all our comrades, to lead ten thousand men wherever you may direct, in your service."

COUNTRIES would not suffer half the distresses which are the ordinary consequence of hostilities, if the leaders of an army strictly observed that no further outrages were committed, than the laws of war and the duty of self-defence absolutely enjoin. Thus the claims of nature and of humanity would be fulfilled; and the in-

dignation and curses of the inhabitants would not, as is too generally the case, follow the footsteps of the victorious army.

THERE have been instances of officers, not deficient either in bravery or in skill, who at the same time sought only to enrich themselves; and sacrificing to this base motive the interests both of their prince and of their country, have, under pretence of the rights of war, permitted the greatest outrages. Should you ever have such officers under your command, you cannot watch their conduct too narrowly. How much more noble are such instances as the following!

WHEN Brescia was taken by storm from the Venetians, the chevalier Bayard saved a house from plunder, whither he had retired to have a dangerous wound dressed which he received in the siege; and secured the mistress of the family and her two daughters, who were concealed in it. At his departure, the lady, as a mark of her gratitude, offered him a casket containing three thousand ducats, which he obstinately refused; but observing that his refusal was very unpleasing to her, and not wishing to leave her dissatisfied, he consented to accept her present; and calling to him the two young ladies to take his leave of them, he gave each of them a thousand ducats to

be added to their portion, and left the remainder to be distributed among the inhabitants that had been plundered.

GONSALVO, surnamed the Great Captain, took Naples by storm in the year 1503; and when some of his soldiers expressed their disapprobation at not having had a sufficient share in the spoil of that rich city, he nobly replied: "I will repair your bad fortune. Go to my apartment, and take all you can find there; I give it you all."

IT is indeed at the dreadful crisis of entering a town by storm, that it becomes more peculiarly necessary to watch with severity the conduct of the soldiers in the article of humanity. On such occasions, the fatigues perhaps of a protracted or vexatious siege, the intoxication of triumph, and sometimes a thirst for plunder, are effectual in producing excesses of cruelty and barbarity, which in all civilized nations have long been banished from every kind of contest in the open field. Should you, in the course of your service, be the witness of a scene of this nature, I charge you, by every principle of your duty as a man, and as an officer, to exert yourself to prevent such shameful disorder, and to preserve the wreath of your victory undefiled with the stains of murder or of cowar-

dice; for both these are included in the slaughter of unarmed inhabitants, and of a conquered foe. A writer remarks, that it is incontestable that the military spirit is the bulwark and defence of a state, and must be carefully kept up and sustained; but, like a dog that is kept to guard a house, must be chained up, and seldom let loose, lest it should fall even on those whom it was intended to protect.

THE Russians took by storm the city of Narva; which was defended, on the part of Sweden, by general Horn. In defiance of the express orders of the emperor, the soldiery carried fire and destruction into every quarter of the town, slaughtering the inhabitants without mercy. Peter the Great threw himself, sword in hand, into the midst of the massacre; and forced the defenceless women and children from his merciless and savage troops, who were on the point of putting them all to death. He killed, with his own hand, no less than fifty of his ferocious soldiers, whom the heat of the carnage rendered deaf to his voice; and at last succeeded so far as to curb the fury of this unlicensed scene, and collect his dispersed and scattered troops.

The conqueror, covered with dust, sweat, and blood, then hastened to the town-house, where

the principal inhabitants of the place had taken refuge. His terrible and threatening air greatly alarmed these unhappy people. As soon as he had entered the hall, he laid his sword on a table; and then addressing himself to the affrighted multitude, who waited their doom in anxious silence: "I assure you," said he, "that it is not with the blood of your fellow-citizens this sword is stained; but with that of my own soldiers, whom I have been sacrificing for your preservation."

WHEN the Germans and the English attempted the reduction of Barcelona for the archduke, the earl of Peterborough, who never liked this enterprise, and who foresaw that it must be a tedious business, had actually given orders for re-embarking the English troops; when intelligence was brought to him that the prince of Darmstadt, his co-adjutor but rival, was killed. On receiving this news, he vigorously pressed the reduction of a place in which no one could now divide with him the glory of the achievement. The viceroy, a weak man, seeing a powerful enemy without, and a seditious people within the walls, determined to surrender. He accordingly treated with Peterborough at the gates of the town. The articles were not signed,

when suddenly their ears were assaulted with loud cries and clamour. "You deal treacherously with us," said the viceroy; "we are capitulating honourably, and your troops are now entering the town by the ramparts." "It is a mistake," replied the earl; "these must be the troops of the prince of Darmstadt. There is now only one way of saving the place, which is, to admit me instantly with my English forces; I will quiet every thing, and will then return to the gate to finish the capitulation."

He spoke with an air of so much truth and openness, as, joined to the urgency of the danger, induced the governor to comply. He was permitted accordingly to enter the town, and found the Germans and Cataians already employed in pillaging the houses of the principal citizens. He immediately drove them from their quarters, and compelled them to relinquish the booty which they had seized. He found the duchess of Popoli in the hands of the soldiers, and on the point of being dishonoured: he rescued her, and sent her to her husband. In short, having restored every thing to tranquillity, he returned to the gate, and signed the capitulation. The Spaniards were astonished to find in the English so much magnanimity; the common people hav-

ing always looked upon them as merciless barbarians, *because they were protestants.*

THE Turks having invaded the Ukraine on the side of Russia, that empire sent two numerous armies to repel the invaders. One was commanded by count Lasci, an Irish gentleman of great courage and experience; which broke through the Turkish intrenchments, and ravaged Crim Tartary with fire and sword. The other army was under the command of count Munich, and destined for the destruction of Ocsakow. In this army, Keith, governor of Berlin and field-marshal of the Prussian forces, was then a lieutenant in the service of the czarina. By his valour and skill, at the head of eight thousand men, the place above-mentioned was invested and taken; at least, the success was chiefly attributed to him. In storming this city, he gave such instances of tenderness and humanity, as diffused additional lustre round his military glory; for while the furious Muscovites were sanguinary in their revenge, he checked their ferocity, and exhorted them to spare the lives of their enemies. Among others, he rescued a child of six years of age from the hands of a Cossack, who had already lifted up his cimeter to cut off her head, as she was struggling to extri-

cate herself out of some rubbish in which she had been entangled. Her father, being a Turkish grandee of some eminence, had been anxious to dispose of her suitably to her rank: but she was now an orphan; and Keith not knowing how to provide for her himself, sent her to the lord marshal, his brother, who brought her up in the principles of the church of England, and educated her in the most liberal manner. He treated her in every respect as if she had been his own daughter: and as she grew up, gave her the charge of his house; where she did the honours of the table, and behaved herself with such fidelity and discretion, that the saving this young innocent from destruction might be deemed not the least considerable of Keith's services.

A GENERAL who is constantly impressed with the recollection that the fate of thousands of his fellow-creatures is entrusted to his hands; and who is actuated by a conviction of the principle, that war will not justify any cruelty or severity beyond what is necessary for the effect and safety of its operations; will seek to attain his purposes by the means which are attended with the smallest sum of misery and calamity, as well to the contending rival forces, as to the unarmed inhabitants of the country which hap-

pens to be the seat of hostilities*.—The dreadful massacres in South America, by which millions

* BUONAPARTE's conduct at the battle of Lodi, which has acquired him so much of his military reputation, has been before related in the note in page 107.

His first operations on landing in Egypt, as described by the officers of his own army, are almost too shocking for recital. "We advanced," say the writers of the Letters xxi. and xxii. in the Intercepted Correspondence published by authority, "with an army of twenty-five thousand men against Alexandria; a place without any defence, and garrisoned by five hundred janisaries. The charge is sounded: our soldiers fly to the ramparts, which they scale in spite of the obstinate defence of the besieged; many of our generals are wounded; but courage at length subdues the obstinacy of the Turks. Repulsed on every side, they betake themselves to God and their Prophet, and fill their mosques; men, women, old, young, children at the breast, ALL are massacred." This horrid scene continued four hours. "We lost 150 men, who" (as well as the slaughtered inhabitants) "might have been preserved by our only summoning the town; but it was thought necessary to begin by striking terror into the enemy."

IT is a treason to human nature to neglect *any* chance of rendering more universally known the following anecdotes; which, in the words of a periodical critic, ought to be written in adamant, and translated into every language on the face of the earth.—The inestimable obligation of making them known to the world, we owe to

of poor Indians were savagely extirpated, have rendered the Spanish name detestable on that

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the pen of the gallant sir Robert Wilson; and they are alone sufficient to immortalize both the historian and his subject.

"BUONAPARTE having carried the town of Jaffa in Syria by assault, many of the garrison were put to the sword; but the greater part flying into the mosques, and imploring mercy from their pursuers, were granted their lives: and let it be well remembered, that an exasperated army, in the moment of revenge, when the laws of war justified their rage, yet heard the voice of pity, received its impression, and proudly refused to be any longer the executioners of an unresisting enemy. Soldiers of the Italian army," exclaims sir Robert generously, "this is a laurel wreath worthy of your fame, a trophy of which the subsequent treason of an individual shall not deprive you.

"Three days afterward Buonaparte, who had expressed much resentment at the compassion manifested by his troops, and determined to relieve himself from the maintenance and care of three thousand eight hundred prisoners, ordered these to be marched to a rising ground near Jaffa; where a division of French infantry formed against them. When the Turks had entered into the fatal alignment, and the mournful preparations were completed, the signal gun fired. Volleys of musketry and grape instantly played against them; and Buonaparte, who had been regarding the scene through a telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, could not re-

vast continent. One of the generals of this nation however was not insensible to the dictates

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strain his joy, but broke out into exclamations of approval: indeed he had just reason to dread the refusal of his troops thus to dishonour themselves. Kleber had remonstrated in the most strenuous manner, and the officer of the *état-major* who commanded (for the general to whom the division belonged was absent) even refused to execute the order without a written instruction; but Buonaparte was too cautious, and sent Berthier to enforce obedience.

"When the Turks had all fallen, the French troops humanely endeavoured to put a period to the sufferings of the wounded; but some time elapsed before the bayonet could finish what the fire had not destroyed, and probably many languished days in agony. Several French officers, by whom partly these details are furnished, declared that this was a scene, the retrospect of which tormented their recollection; and that they could not reflect on it without horror, accustomed as they had been to sights of cruelty. Their bones still lie in heaps, and are shown to every traveller who arrives; nor can they be confounded with those who perished in the assault, since this field of butchery lies a mile from the town.

"Such a fact should not however be alleged without some proof, or leading circumstance stronger than assertion, being produced to support it; but there would be a want of generosity in naming individuals, and branding them to the latest posterity with infamy for obeying a

of humanity. He was desirous to spare the effusion of blood, and to owe his conquest to the

command, when their submission became an act of necessity, since the whole army did not mutiny against the execution: therefore to establish further the authenticity of the relation, this only can be mentioned—that it was Bonn's division which fired; and thus every one is afforded an opportunity of satisfying himself respecting the truth, by inquiring of officers serving in the different brigades composing this division.

"The next circumstance is of a nature which requires indeed the most particular details to establish: since the idea can scarcely be entertained, that the commander of an army should order his own countrymen (or if not immediately such, those among whom he had been naturalised) to be deprived of existence, when in a state which required the kindest consideration. But the annals of France record the frightful crimes of a Robespierre and of a Carriere, and historical truth must now recite one equal to any which has blackened its page:—

"Buonaparte finding that his hospitals at Jaffa were crowded with sick, sent for a physician, whose name should be inscribed in letters of gold, but which from weighty reasons cannot be here inserted. On his arrival, he entered into a long conversation with him respecting the danger of contagion; concluding at last with the remark, that something must be done to remedy the evil, and that the destruction of the sick at present in the hospital, was the only measure which could be adopt-

more innocent arts of stratagem. With this view he proposed to the chiefs of certain nations who adored the Sun, that either of the two par-

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ed. The physician, alarmed at the proposal, bold in the confidence of virtue and the cause of humanity, remonstrated vehemently, representing the cruelty as well as the atrocity of such a murder: but finding that Buonaparte persevered and menaced, he indignantly left the tent, with this memorable observation: 'Neither my principles, nor the character of my profession, will allow me to become a human butcher; and, general, if such qualities as you insinuate are necessary to form a great man, I thank God that I do not possess them.'

"Buonaparte was not to be diverted from his object by moral considerations: he persevered, and found an apothecary who (dreading the weight of power, but who since has made an atonement to his mind by unequivocally confessing the fact) consented to become his agent, and to administer poison to the sick. Opium at night was distributed in gratifying food; the wretched unsuspecting victims banqueted; and in a few hours five hundred and eighty soldiers, who had suffered so much for their country, perished thus miserably by the order of its idol."

Sir Robert accompanies these statements by details (which are too long to be inserted here) of corroborating circumstances, which must prove satisfactory to every one. The reader is earnestly recommended to peruse the work itself, of which this is far from being the only interesting part to the feelings of a British subject.

ties which appeared to be visibly protected by Heaven should reign over the other, who moreover should embrace their religion; that the Americans therefore should implore the assistance of the Sun, while the Spaniards should invoke the protection of the invisible and Supreme Being whom they adored as Lord of the sun and of the whole world. This being consented to, the next day the Spanish general assured the American chiefs, that he had been praying to the true God to obscure the splendour of that great luminary which his enemies worshipped; in order, that by such a signal he might subdue them to his laws, and to the dominion of the king of Spain. "In two hours," added the crafty Spaniard, "this will certainly happen." He knew that there would be an eclipse precisely at that time; and the poor Indians, not having the least acquaintance with astronomy, were so astonished to see the prediction of the Spaniard fulfilled, that from that moment they submitted themselves to the religion and government of Spain.

SOME beautiful instances are recorded in history, of the affection and humanity of sovereigns toward their subjects, even when the latter have shown themselves under circumstances of disloyalty or rebellion. Of this nature is the ex-

ample just quoted, of Cesar (who might now be considered as in some degree the master of his countrymen) at the battle of Pharsalia; when he called out to his soldiers to spare the Roman citizens—those in the army of Pompey, his rival and antagonist.

ALPHONSUS, king of Naples and Sicily, besieged the city of Cajeta, which had rebelled against him; and the citizens, being distressed for provisions, sent out all their old men, women, and children, and such as were unserviceable, and shut their gates against them. The king's council advised that they should not be permitted to pass, but should be forced back again into the city, by which means he would speedily become the master of it. The king however pitying their condition, suffered them to depart, though he knew it would occasion the protraction of the siege. When he could not take the city, some were so bold as to tell him, that it would have been his own if he had not dealt in this manner. "But," said he, "I value the safety of so many persons at the rate of a hundred such towns as this."

HENRY IV. of France while besieging Paris, which the inhabitants had put in possession of his enemies, suffered all who were willing to

quit that obstinate and deluded capital, to pass through his army; adding, "I am not astonished that the heads of the League, and the Spaniards, have so little pity upon those poor people; they are only their tyrants: but for me, who am their father and their king, I cannot bear the recital of what they suffer from famine and pestilence without horror, and without desiring to alleviate it."

JAMES II. after having been forced to abdicate the throne of England, and remaining for some time an exile abroad, landed in Ireland with a body of foreign troops, which were joined by considerable numbers of the inhabitants. King William, in person, led his forces against the deposed monarch; and an engagement between the two armies ensued on the banks of the Boyne. James, who was a witness of the action from an adjacent hill, seeing a temporary success gained by his party, cried out, "Oh, spare my *English* subjects!"

As bright an example occurs of humanity in an individual toward a descendant of this last-mentioned unfortunate monarch:—

After the defeat of prince Charles, son of the Pretender, at Culloden, and the dispersion of his little army, this young adventurer, who

had already experienced so many disasters, wandered, without succour, sometimes with two companions of his misfortunes, sometimes with only one, and at length quite alone, pursued incessantly by those who wished to gain the price set upon his head. Having one day travelled thirty miles on foot, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, he entered the house of a man whom he knew to be not in his interests. "The son of your king," says he to him, "is come to ask of you bread and clothing. I know very well that you are my enemy; but I believe you so much a man of honour, as not to abuse my confidence and my misfortunes. Take the wretched rags that now cover me; preserve them; and you may perhaps one day bring them to me to the palace of the kings of Great Britain." The gentleman, impressed with the proper sensation at this occurrence, gave him every succour that his situation allowed, and kept the secret inviolable.

Some time afterward, this gentleman was accused of having afforded an asylum in his house to prince Charles, and was cited before the judges to answer this accusation. He presented himself to them with a firmness that virtue alone can give, and thus addressed them: "Allow me,

before I am interrogated upon this matter, to ask you, which of you, if the son of the Pretender had taken refuge under your roof, would have had the baseness and the cowardice to betray him?" At this question the tribunal broke up, and the accused person was dismissed.

THE following anecdote exhibits a most admirable example of humanity on one side, and of heroical greatness of mind on the other.—In the revolutionary war, a republican general besieging one of the fortresses in Germany, received a message that the governor was willing to capitulate. A cartel was accordingly proposed; and the two commanders, accompanied by their officers, attended. A proposal was made by the governor of the fortress, to save the emigrants. The French general expressed, in the most animated terms, his regret that he was not master of the fate of these unfortunate members of society; since the commissaries of the convention with his army, would not consent to any thing in their favour. It was then proposed to suffer two loaded waggons to depart from the town unsearched, but this was objected to on the same grounds.

Lastly, an emigrant officer addressed the republican commander: "General," said he, "from

your generous feelings, I expect that you will save me individually: I speak German as well as if I were a native of Germany; and if you will give me a certificate that I was a German and a spy, I shall be safe!" The general wrote the desired certificate, and presented it with these words: "May it save your life—and my head from the guillotine!" The noble emigrant, taking the paper, and tearing it to pieces, said, "I will never accept of so dear a present."

In the moment of triumph, the intoxication of success may excuse an insensibility to the loss of those multitudes who fall in the heat of the combat; but when the battle is decided, it belongs only to the most ferocious and cruel natures to pursue further the shedding of blood. Generous spirits feel then no other impulse than compassion, and the most impetuous courage instantly yields with pleasure to the sweeter influence of humanity. Did even the strongest reasons exist for irritation against the enemy, the truly brave man will consider it as mean and cowardly to take away the life of him whom he has vanquished and disarmed.

The duke de Chartres, afterward duke of Orleans and regent of France, took incredible pains, after an action, to help the wounded of

each party into the waggons. "After the combat is over," said he, "there are no longer enemies upon the field of battle."

A NOBLE individual instance of humanity is that of the admirable sir Philip Sidney, at the battle near Zutphen, where he displayed the most undaunted courage. He had two horses killed under him; and while mounting a third, was wounded by a musket-shot from the trenches, which broke his thigh. He returned about a mile and a half on horseback, to the camp; and being faint with the loss of blood, and with thirst through the heat of the weather, he called for drink. It was brought him; but, as he was putting the vessel to his mouth, a poor wounded soldier, who happened to be carried by him at that instant, looked up to it with wishful eyes. The gallant and generous Sidney took the bottle from his mouth, and gave it to the soldier; saying, "His necessity is greater than mine."

NEVER forget the following maxim; which, though invariably true, is too little regarded: that for us to be completely happy, those about us must be happy also. Be cautious of unnecessarily making one individual wretched: the remorse that will follow upon such a crime, may embitter all your future days.

To reflect justly is a function of the *mind*. To feel sensibly the impulse of these reflections, is the pleasure of the *heart*. But to find our own happiness in that of others, is surely the most exquisite and refined delight of which human nature is susceptible.

LETTER IX.

ON MODESTY AND PRIDE.

IT is common for even men of sense and understanding to entertain too high an opinion of themselves and of their endowments. This self-conceit almost always deceives those who indulge it, and often leads to the greatest mortifications. Disappointments and defeat in war, are indeed excellent correctors of this error; but the lesson we learn by these must be at the expence of the prince whom we serve. Let us suppose, says a certain writer, a man possessed of every talent and endowment that could be desired; if he remains ignorant of himself, of his own defects and weaknesses, all his other qualities will be to him only occasions of disgrace and of ruin: he will not know how to regulate his enterprises by his power; he will enter into rash engagements; and presumption, which seldom knows any bounds when it is not restrained by self-knowledge, will hurry him to the most dangerous excesses.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE, adds the same author,

may sometimes supply the deficiency of all other acquirements; and the want of this quality may render every other not only useless, but dangerous and pernicious to him who possesses them. A defect in memory, intelligence, prudence, science, industry, or activity, is considerably relieved if we are sensible of our deficiency, and urged to borrow from others what we cannot ourselves supply; and if this consciousness prevents our undertaking any task requiring qualities with which we are not endowed. This is unquestionably true; but all men apply to every one except themselves.

THE count of Soissons, who was killed at the battle of Sedan, would without doubt, if he had lived, have been a great general. Mistrusting his self-love, which might render him blind to his own defects, this prince said one day to a veteran officer, with whose great abilities he was well acquainted: "If you see me pursuing an error, either in the orders I issue, in the planning or execution of my enterprises, in settling any differences that may arise among the troops, or in any part of my behaviour to my brother officers, I intreat you to tell me of it freely; for the most minute fault in war, is a stain upon him who commits it." Such are the

sentiments upon which all military men ought to form themselves.

THE prince of Orange having laid siege to Maestricht, the commandant of the town no sooner saw it invested, than he assembled the principal officers of the garrison: "Gentlemen," said he, "I have served all my life in the cavalry, and have no knowledge of the mode of defending towns; all I know is, that I will never surrender the place: consult among yourselves the best measures for an obstinate and effectual resistance, and I will take care to superintend their execution with as much celerity and vigour as possible." This noble ingenuousness of the commandant won the esteem of every body present: the confidence that he testified in his inferior officers, animated them to the greatest deeds; and established in the garrison, by his own brilliant example, an harmony of action that saved the town.

WHENEVER we commit a fault, the only way of repairing it is by confessing it. The greater are our sense and our virtue, the more lively will be our distress should it be proclaimed from any other quarter; in which case an honest man must condemn himself. Turenne acknowledged his errors with that frankness and can-

dour, which formed a remarkable and distinguished feature in his character: and in this he undoubtedly showed himself to be a greater man, than if he had not committed any. But ordinary minds have recourse to subterfuge, and frequently cast the blame upon others; or, if they find no better means of clearing themselves, they endeavour, by specious reasons or false pretences, to justify their conduct. We may say to such men, what Diogenes said to Demosthenes, who, for fear of being discovered at a tavern, hid himself in it: "The further you enter, the deeper are you involved."

IT is certain, that a military man ought never to consider himself as excusable for faults which were the effect of want of discretion: those who take refuge in such a resource, are not easily disposed to correct themselves; but it is surely more honourable to avow our faults sincerely, than to attempt to excuse or palliate them by others still greater.

THE ambition of every officer, after making himself perfect in the duties of his particular rank, ought to be, to qualify himself for a higher, even to the command of an army: but he must reflect that this honour will prove a severe humiliation to those who are not quali-

fied for it. This rank, so ardently desired, is bounded by the two extremes of glory and disgrace. We do not blame an officer who seeks to render himself capable of leading an army: his ambition is both laudable and noble; in studying the arts of commanding, he is at the same time learning those of obedience and of execution. But it is surprising to see officers aiming at commands, and at the same time neglecting to apply themselves to the study of their profession; and it is still more astonishing, to observe those who are without either experience or knowledge, endeavour after that eminent station A rashness so ridiculous can be produced only by the greatest ignorance of those attainments which are indispensable to a general; and by a narrow mind, equally incapable of estimating the importance of such an employ, or of perceiving the talents and the virtues which it requires, and the dangers which surround it. Even that timidity which is confounded by the approach of danger, is far preferable to this fatal assurance; as the former implies at least the knowledge of its situation: but they are both highly reprehensible. Modesty is the appropriate quality of military men; it gives a grace to our other accomplishments,

and announces a mistrust in present attainments, and the desire of pressing onward to perfection.

MARDONIUS, one of the generals of XERXES, proposed himself for the command of an army; but this confidence in his talents and abilities should have been alone a sufficient reason for rejecting him. The immense multitudes whom he led forth were defeated by a small number of Greeks, and his presumption was the occasion of the misfortunes of his prince.—Cincinnatus, with all the qualities of a great man and a great general, was at the plough when the officers of the senate came to him, to confide to his care the safety of the republic. He left his humble occupation; and Rome was delivered from her enemies.

PRIDE and self-confidence tarnish the most brilliant qualities which an officer may possess. He who boasts of his actions, pays himself with his own applauses, and deprives others of the opportunity, as well as the wish to praise him. If to this vanity he adds an evident desire of showing his superiority, the pride of others whom he is by these means seeking to humble, will not fail to avenge itself on such weakness by aversion and contempt. Modesty is a sure sign of merit.

Real talents and genius are always modest and unassuming; while, on the contrary, false bravery is ever vain, arrogant, presumptuous, talkative, and disdaining every thing but its own achievements. In vaunting of these, its principal view is to compel an esteem to which it is conscious of having no legitimate title.

NEANDER, so I will call him, was an excellent soldier: he feared nothing but fear; he always chose the van, and was often the first man on the breach. All admired his courage, and praised it; and even those who disapproved his conduct, did justice to his valour. This gentleman, however, unfortunately managed it so as to lose at the table the glory which he won in the field; and by vain boasting in his winter quarters, dissipated the honour that he had purchased in the whole campaign. In short, he was an insufferable egotist. "I did this," said he, "at the siege of ——, and this at the battle of ——. Had not I seized on such a post at ——, the army would have been endangered." One would have thought all the generals and soldiers had been left in garrison; and that Neander, with his brigade alone, had defeated the designs of the enemy in the field. This overgrown vanity cost him dear: instead of gaining the reputation of a

general, he was condemned to that of a fop; and all concluded that he was too ambitious of praise, to deserve any.

THE truly brave man is self-satisfied, and does not court the plaudits of the multitude. He has served his country: he has fulfilled the duties of his station: what more can he effect? His silence, his noble forgetfulness of himself, excite admiration and respect; which his valour, unattended by modesty, could not have gained him.

MALONEY was sent to the court of France, to give an account of the battle of Cumona, where the intrepidity of the Irish saved the town, and where Maloney, who commanded one of the battalions of these troops, had himself performed the most valiant actions of that day. In the whole of his narrative however he took no notice either of the Irish or of himself. When he had finished speaking, the king said to him: "You say nothing to me of the Irish, your brave countrymen." "Sire," replied this intrepid but modest officer, "*they* followed the example of the subjects of your majesty."

A PRUSSIAN general had a dangerous defile to pass. On the right rose a steep hill, on the left lay a marsh, and at the end a bridge, the sole outlet. From the hill, which the enemy had

occupied, they harassed the troops, whom the general, with a view of saving the baggage (part of which belonged to himself), had left in a defenceless condition. Their ranks were soon broken, and they were hurried in great disorder towards the bridge.

Zieten, who followed with the rear guard, perceiving the confusion they were in, flew to the spot; where he found the cannon abandoned, the horses killed, and the artillery-men without ammunition and on the point of surrendering. The distressed soldiers complained loudly to him of the conduct of their general; and Zieten, without making any answer, set about repairing the fault. Supported by the gallant Barlow, who had just collected a small party of infantry, he attacked the enemy, dislodged them from the heights, seized the bridge at the moment when they were going to occupy it, and having taken from the baggage-waggons which had been driven into the marsh as many horses as were necessary to draw the artillery, thus enabled himself to rescue the whole corps. The general who had performed his task so ill, obtained nevertheless all the honours of the expedition. The king publicly congratulated him on his having extricated

himself in so able a manner; while Zieten and Barlow remained tacitly satisfied with the service which they had rendered, without making the least display of their share in it. From Zieten his friends were never able to learn either the place in which this event happened, or the name of the general who commanded the retreat in so unskilful a manner. It was only in the latter years of his life that this respectable old man mentioned the affair, merely to do justice to the memory of his brother-officer.

THE title of general would be less attracting, if greater regard were paid to the qualities which it requires, and the duties it imposes. It would then appear a painful though an honourable burden. The reflection that on the conduct of the general depends the fate of those whom he commands, the honour of his prince, and his own reputation, ought to awaken apprehension in the minds of the firmest and most undaunted. At the same time the successes, the glory, and the recompense, which follow, should excite and animate his highest ambition. Obstacles, however numerous, are not insurmountable, which have been once overcome. Difficulties ought to excite the ambition of an officer, rather than to

repress and stifle it. Let him at least strive to imitate the great models in his art, if he cannot rival them.

WHEN an officer discovers intelligence, sagacity, and courage; when he has taken every precaution that human prudence could suggest; and when he has evinced neither too great confidence in his own talents, nor indifference to the counsel of others; his reputation and his glory do not depend upon the issue of the combat. A general, vanquished as Pompey was at the battle of Pharsalia, is not the less deserving of wreaths and of statues; but he who is beaten as Antony was at Actium, will awaken the grief only of a mistress or a slave.

THOUGH a commander is not answerable for events, yet a defeat occasioned by his incapacity, or sometimes perhaps by the jealousy which makes him fear to see a rival sharing his glory, or by the influence of some equally disgraceful sentiment, ought to be more severely punished than is usually the case with such conduct. A man who is inhuman enough to expose, without any advantage to his country, the lives of thousands of his soldiers, and base enough to sacrifice to an ignoble and selfish interest the glory of his sovereign and of his nation, merits the severest

indignation and vengeance of his countrymen. The ancients understood better the science of rewards and punishments. To their heroes they raised monuments and statues; and the guilty who escaped the public vengeance, were consigned to the ridicule of the theatres, a punishment dreaded more than death itself: this was the common and frequent reward of ignorance and incapacity.

AN officer who is capable of reflection, may judge whether he deceives himself in regard to his abilities, and his talents for war, by the degree of confidence which he sees others repose in him, and the distinction made between him and his inferiors. It is remarked, that the presumption which has nothing to support itself but strength and courage, is always deficient in prudence, and is at once imbecile and headstrong: errors the more dangerous, as presumption stimulates to the most rash and precipitate enterprises, which obstinacy prevents from being afterward abandoned. Every officer ought to have constantly in his mind the maxim of Homer, that "good advice does as much honour to him who takes as to him who gives it."

IT is not only in a military command that modesty is required; but in society, and in every

situation of life. The most insupportable of all animals is the stripling who, presumptuous and conceited, raises his voice above others, speaks on all subjects, and decides on every thing. He who ought only to listen, says a certain author, but who is continually prating, evinces, independantly of what he utters, that he is either a coxcomb, or a heedless pretender to qualities which he does not possess; but if what he says be not worth hearing, he is at once a blockhead, a fool, and a coxcomb together.

THE young man who seeks to give the tone to a company, takes the most certain means to make himself ridiculed and despised. Listen continually; speak little, and to the purpose; take pleasure in hearing persons of experience, oppose what they may advance only with a view to enlarge your information, and thank them for their instructions; cultivate the society of such men, and make it your study to profit by them.

NEVER dispute with persons who are headstrong and ignorant; two defects which commonly accompany each other. Fools are a sort of men with whom you must at no time expect to be right; it is indeed, with them, a folly to have understanding. By a fool, I no not mean

so much him who is continually committing faults; but him who, having erred, does not perceive his error, and consequently seeks no means to repair it.

To be agreeable in society, it is not necessary to possess brilliant parts: this consists more in giving to others an opportunity of exhibiting their own, and you may then rest assured that every body will be satisfied with yours. Instead of aiming to show your wit, study rather to correct your faults, to conceal those of others, or to profit by them. Not to discern capital failings, says a spirited writer, is to want understanding; to make our discernment of them too evident, is to want feeling and politeness; and not to profit by them, is to want judgment.

In short, modesty is a quality which generally accompanies true merit: it engages and captivates the minds of people; as on the other hand, nothing is more shocking and disgustful than presumption and impudence. We cannot be pleased with a man who is always commending and speaking well of himself, and who is the hero of his own story. But a man who endeavours to conceal his own merit; who sets that of other people in its true light; who speaks but little of himself, and with modesty: such a man makes a

favourable impression on the understanding of his hearers, and acquires their love and esteem.

TAKE this for granted, as a never-failing rule; that you must never seem to affect the character in which you have a mind to shine. Modesty is the only sure bait, when you angle for praise. The affectation of courage will make even a brave man pass only for a bully, as the affectation of wit will make a man of parts pass for a coxcomb. By this modesty, I do not mean timidity, and aukward bashfulness. On the contrary, be inwardly firm and steady: know your own value, whatever it may be, and act UPON that principle; but take care to let nobody discover that you do know your own value. Whatever you think your own excellences may be, do not display them affectedly in company; nor labour, as many do, to give the conversation that turn which may supply you with an opportunity of exhibiting them. If they are real, they will infallibly be perceived without your pointing them out yourself, and with much more advantage.

PRIDE is natural to all men, and there are none whom it does not attack more or less. There is no affection of the mind so much blended in human nature, and wrought into our

very constitution. It appears under a multitude of disguises, and breaks out in a thousand different symptoms. Every one feels it in himself, and yet wonders to see it in his neighbour.

If we had no pride ourselves, says a certain writer, we should not perceive it in others. This vice arises from want of due consideration, and from not having a proper knowledge of ourselves. Hence those who are too eager for applause, usually have recourse to unjust means to obtain it. If the proud man would take sufficient pains to examine his own heart, he would presently discern that, were others as well acquainted with its weaknesses as he himself is, he could never have the assurance to aspire after the public approbation. The surest method of judging rightly of our merits, is to analyze closely what we esteem in ourselves, and what we contemn in others. Let any man boast, in our presence, of his riches, his illustrious birth, his talents, reputation, or valour, we should think him ridiculous. We ought not then to respect that in ourselves which we condemn in another.

Littleness of mind is more strikingly evinced in boasting of our bravery than of our rank. Modesty and true courage are qualities ever inseparable; and the courage which disregards justice

and humanity, is no other than a brutal ferocity. I have elsewhere spoken to you of this essential military virtue; and shall therefore now confine my remarks to that false valour which every day exposes us to unpleasant altercation, and which is so widely estranged from all honourable intercourse.

TALENTS, genius, virtue, glory, and fortune, often make the possessor liable to envy; which however is a sort of injustice ordinarily attendant upon all merit: but the man who vaunts of these acquisitions, becomes an object of aversion; and this feeling is found the less unjust, when we consider it as a species of reprisal from humbled pride, on that pride which seeks to mortify and humble others. If you are happy, enjoy quietly what you possess; and vindicate to those around you the smiles of Fortune, by the good use that you make of her favours. If, on the contrary, you attempt to render any one discontented, by the display of a felicity which reminds him of his misfortune, and makes him conscious of his inferiority, you must expect that he will assume a right to examine most rigidly your title to what you possess, as well as the uses to which it is applied, and thus endeavour to avenge the injuries which you put upon him.

To be in perpetual fear that others should not know our worth; to boast incessantly of our achievements; to applaud only ourselves, and speak ill of others; these are unequivocal indications of littleness of mind. Whatever be the real merit of such a character, or whatever the glory that it may have acquired, this is tarnished by such vanity; and the world, who are always more inclined to blame than to applaud, will soon be persuaded that the virtues which require so much emblazoning cannot be solid.

TRUE greatness of mind is far from disdaining the public esteem; but as it is independant of the opinion of others, it is nobly above the censures and the applauses of the multitude. The hero who is irreproachable in his conduct, and regardless of the good or ill reported of him, pursues his career undaunted, and despises the obstacles which envy opposes to his progress. Bad men would term this noble independance, pride; but it is a far different quality; it is an heroic indifference, it is the dignified consciousness of virtue: the man of true honour, armed with this assurance (which is no other than the capacity of doing and of saying every thing without emotion and without fear, arising from conscious recti-

tude), is little anxious whether his actions be well or ill interpreted. He appeals to his own breast, and enjoys the satisfaction to which he aspires. He smiles with disdain on the judgment of the ignorant, the intrigues of the wicked, and the clamours of the envious. A certain portion of self-confidence is essential to an officer; who, without this, would be incessantly exposed undefended to the attacks of persecution and of overbearing domination.

OFFICERS who, from an inferior rank, have been advanced to preferment, solely in consequence of striking instances of their talents or good behaviour, are often apt to fall into this ridiculous failing, which far more than overbalances their former merits.

A CORNET in the king of Prussia's army, having taken the remains of a whole regiment prisoners, the king, by way of rewarding this brilliant exploit, gave him the military cross, and named him captain on the spot. This young man, who afterward displayed considerable talents in his profession,—but who, being at that time very deficient in education and experience, was so intoxicated with his good-fortune as not to know how to enjoy it with moderation,—soon exposed himself to the risk of losing every

advantage to be derived from it. Considering it sufficient to be a captain of royal creation,—without announcing himself in such capacity either to his general or to any of the officers of the staff, without waiting to be informed in what corps he was to exercise his new rank, he made choice of the regiment to which he belonged for such purpose; and declared to the lieutenant that he was now at the head of it, and that he (the lieutenant) must give place to him and receive his orders. The lieutenant, who was well acquainted with the service, and rigid on points of subordination, refused to consider him in any other light than that of his cornet. The new-created captain was much enraged at this opposition; yet put off all further discussion till after the battle, when the business terminated in a duel. Fortune now abandoned her favourite, and he was severely wounded. For the purpose of facilitating his cure, he was charged with a dispatch to Berlin; where his irregularities in a short time became the subject of complaint, and forced his general to represent to the king, that it would be proper to suspend his new commission for a while, and to degrade him to his former rank. His majesty, in compliance with the general's advice, gave imme-

diate orders that for the present the young officer must content himself with his cross; and to regain his rank, must wait his turn, and the favourable report of his general.

LETTER X.

POINTS OF CONVERSATION.

I BLUSH even to name to you the vice of uttering what is false: a vice from which I am sure your nature will recoil, and the most degrading that can attach itself to the human character. He who has been once convicted of lying, loses for ever the confidence and the esteem of those with whom he is connected; they will not credit him even on those occasions where it is of the greatest importance that he should be believed.

TRUTH never dissembles; but is always on our lips, and ready to escape when we are least on our guard. Falsehood is aukward, and ill at ease; and requires the most constant attention to support it. Falsehood ought to be fruitful in resources, and well furnished with masks: truth has no need of disguise or concealment; its progress is free, open, and unconfined, and it is not afraid to exhibit itself to the view of the whole world. The liar, on the contrary, is continually in danger of being discovered; and

when he fancies himself to be shrouded in obscurity, all his steps are fully known: he is the last to perceive that he is detected; and at the moment when he thinks that he has duped every one else, he is himself the only victim of his artifices, and the object of contempt.

NOTHING appears so low and mean as lying and dissimulation. Besides, it is a vice so very infamous, that the greatest liars cannot bear it in any other men.

EPAMINONDAS, the Theban general, was so great a lover of truth, that he was ever careful lest his tongue should in the least digress from it, even in sport*.

* THE death of this illustrious Grecian was truly heroic. Being mortally wounded at the battle of Mantinæa (in which he headed his countrymen the Thebans against the united force of the Athenians and Lacedemonians, he was carried off the field by his troops, to the camp; where the surgeons declared that, as soon as the iron head of the javelin, which stuck in the wound, should be withdrawn, he would die. This information overwhelmed his troops with sorrow, but his only anxiety was to learn whether his arms had fallen into the power of the enemy, and to which side the victory belonged. On being shown his shield, and told that the Lacedemonians had been defeated, he with his own hands drew the iron from his body, and instantly expired.

THERE are people who indulge themselves in a sort of lying which they reckon innocent, and which in one sense is so, for it hurts nobody but themselves. This is the spurious offspring of vanity and folly. These people deal in the marvellous; they have seen some things that never existed; they have seen other things which they really never saw though they did exist, only because they were thought worth seeing. If any thing remarkable has been said or done in any place, or in any company, they immediately declare themselves witnesses of it. They have done feats unattempted, or at least unperformed, by others. A liar of this description is always the hero of his own romances: he has been in dangers from which nobody but himself ever escaped; he has seen whatever other people have heard or read of; he has had more affairs of gallantry, than ever he knew women; and has ridden more miles post in one day, than ever courier went in two. He is soon discovered, and as soon becomes the object of universal contempt and ridicule: and not without a degree of distrust; for one must naturally conclude, that he who will tell any lie from idle vanity, will not scruple telling a greater for interest.

AN officer who unluckily had forgotten that he was speaking before professional men, was once relating that he was the first who mounted the breach of a certain town, which he assisted in attacking. Another officer, who heard this assertion patiently and without interruption, said to him: "What you have advanced, sir, respecting the occurrences that passed at this siege, greatly surprises me: and if what you say were true, you should have been dead long ago; for I was only the seventh that mounted that breach, and I am confident that all those who ascended before me were killed." The first officer was immediately known for a liar; and the second was believed, as having reported his own exploit with no other view, than to teach him who had so unjustly boasted, to relate events as they actually occurred, and not to boast of a merit which did not belong to him.

REMEMBER then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world, with either your conscience or your honour unwounded. It is not only your duty, but your interest; as a proof of which, you may always observe that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. For my part, I judge of every man's truth by his degree of understanding.

INDISCRETIONS of speech are the ordinary causes of private dissensions. Secrets in which you have no personal interest, endeavour to forget as soon as communicated to you. Do not yourself impart to any one such of your own, as, if disclosed, might do you an injury. In confiding matters of importance to persons of whose discretion you are not fully assured, you will be compelled to exercise perpetual caution toward them, and to be ever on your guard, lest by any means you should give them offence; so that, in all your future intercourse with these persons, you will experience a constant uneasiness. If you have a friend in whose confidence you think you can fully rely (which is however a very rare case), and whom you think proper to entrust with a secret, let it be your own; but never that of others: *this* is a sacred deposit, which you can on no pretence whatever be justified in betraying.

ONE of the ancients has said, that a man ought to live with his enemy as if he were one day to become his friend; and with his friend in such a way that, if he one day become his enemy, it may not be in his power to do him injury. This maxim, which is perfectly prudent in regard to the first point, is false and

detestable in the second; since an adherence to it would deprive us of one of the greatest pleasures of our lives, that of communicating freely with the friend of our heart. We ought therefore to consider this part of the maxim as merely an injunction to exercise caution in our intercourse with the world.

THERE is another species of discretion, not less necessary, though more difficult to acquire: I mean discretion in conduct; which is the fruit only of reflection and experience. Of all qualities this is perhaps the most useful, and gives an increased value to every other. He who is endowed with it, whatever may be the superiority which his talents and his virtues give him above those around him, will be careful that they do not feel this, so as to envy the eminence which they have not themselves attained. Neither wit, knowledge, nor bravery, is of so much use in society, as the quality that I am now recommending. A man of fine talents, who wants discretion, resembles the giant Polyphemus in the Odyssey: he possesses great and extraordinary strength; but can make no use of it, because he is blind.

THIS discretion, the usual companion of wisdom and of modesty, always evinces a sound

judgment. By means of this we acquire that quick and accurate discernment, which assists us in all our actions and conversation, and which effectually prevents us from offering any thing that may irritate or offend. It is this which enables us to enter into the character of others; which shows us the most certain means of bringing them to adopt our views and opinions, without hurting their own, and in short, procures to us the esteem and respect of all around us.

THE man who has this discretion, is neither vain nor ostentatious: he represses the first emotions of anger; he bridles the impetuosity of his nature. He is neither a railer nor a slanderer; and consequently is never exposed to the misfortunes which those defects commonly draw after them.

THE most mischievous member of society, he that is daily exposing himself to insult and attack, is the officer who is born with a talent for sarcasm, satire, and raillery: the wounds given by his tongue, like those of a poisoned dart, are almost always incurable; and they are unhappily too often directed against those who ought to be most exempt from such injuries. Virtues, talents, merit, all that is most entitled to applause, become subjects of pleasantry to men of

this description. Let such never flatter themselves with the hope of possessing a real friend. Who would open his heart to the wretch that is watching every moment to betray his confidant; and is so little scrupulous, that when truth will not supply food for his pleasantries, calumny is resorted to for that purpose?

THE spirit of raillery in some men partakes perhaps less of the character of malice, than of perverseness and obstinacy. To utter a *bon-mot* is the height of their intellectual ambition: and they will not miss an opportunity of this sort, though at the expence of subjecting themselves to a charge of malignity; and indeed many an ill-natured jest escapes them, in spite of themselves, for which their heart afterward bitterly reproaches them.

LET me intreat you to preserve yourself exempt from a delusion so fatal as this. Remember, it is a thousand times more desirable to pass for a man of honour than a wit. The raillery which proceeds from the vain desire of applause, seldom fails to create contempt; and nothing wounds the self-love of men so much as attacks of this nature. Injuries are often forgiven; insult and ridicule, never.

No injury makes so deep an impression in the

memory, as that which is produced by a cutting malicious jest; for let it be ever so good, yet it is always extremely bad when it occasions enmity. Raillery in conversation, therefore, is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it; and should never be used but with regard to failings of so little consequence, that the person concerned may himself be merry on the subject. It is a pleasant but decent mixture of praise and reproach. They who have a true relish for conversation, enjoy themselves in a communication of each other's excellences, and not in a triumph over their mutual imperfections.

THE temptation of saying smart or witty things, and the malicious applause with which they are commonly received, have made people who can say them,—and still oftener people who think they can, but cannot, and yet try,—more enemies, and implacable ones too, than any other thing that I know of. When such things shall happen to be said at your expence (as sometimes they certainly will), reflect seriously on the sentiments of uneasiness, anger, and resentment, which they excite in you; and consider whether it can be prudent, by the same means, to excite these sentiments in others against you.

It is a decided folly, to lose a friend for a jest; but in my mind, it is not a much less degree of folly, to make an enemy of an indifferent and neutral person, for the sake of a *bon-mot*. When things of this kind happen to be said of you, the most prudent way is, to seem not to apprehend that they are meant of you, and to avoid showing whatever degree of anger you may feel inwardly: but should they be so plain that you cannot be supposed ignorant of their meaning, join in the laugh of the company against yourself; acknowledge the hit to be fair, and the jest a good one, and play off the whole thing in seeming good humour. By no means reply in the same way; this only shows that you are hurt, and publishes the victory that you might have concealed.

RAILLERY exercised upon an inferior, is generally cruel; and mean and cowardly toward such as are unable to repel the shafts which it has thrown. But it is atrocious and brutal when it falls on natural defects or secret foibles. There is however a species of gay and amusive raillery, whose brilliancy offends no one, and often delights even such as may be the objects of it; but this talent requires the finest and most

delicate attentions. Raillery of whatever nature, is not allowable in a young officer; because in him it must always evince a spirit of pride and superiority.

THE liar, or the calumniator, is scarcely more dangerous in society than the jester: especially if the latter (as is frequently the case) supplies from his own fancy the defects, real or imaginary, of the objects of his bantering.

ALL great minds pride themselves in a contempt of calumny. Mecenas told Augustus, that if the reports propagated against him were not true, the contempt with which they were treated by him would entirely discredit them; while, on the contrary, should he manifest any uneasiness respecting them, it would give them the air and importance of truth, and thus put it in the power of the basest of men to trouble his repose.

TIBERIUS having written to this emperor that it was necessary to punish Elian, who had spoken contemptuously of his sovereign, Augustus answered: "We ought not to obey the impulses of puerile irritation; and if any one speak ill of us, should we not deem ourselves happy in being placed above the reach of the ill he seeks to do us?"

TITUS used to say of injurious reports, "If I

do nothing that is reprehensible, why should I be rendered uneasy by calumny?"

WHEN Frederic of Prussia was told that a person had abused him, he asked the informer whether his enemy had an army of a hundred thousand men. "No, sire," replied the courtier. "Then," said Frederic, "I can have nothing to do with him. If he had a powerful army at his command, I would declare war against him."

THE duke of Savoy, when disputing with Henry the Fourth for the marquisate of Saluce, caused a considerable fort to be erected at Barreaux, of which no one could discern the utility; because Montmelian, which was not far off, sufficiently covered the country, and afforded every possible facility that could be desired for the passes into Dauphiny. It was conjectured, by the noise which he caused to be made of this enterprise throughout Italy, that he had been influenced only by the glory of raising a fort on French ground, in sight of the French army. The general of the latter nation was universally condemned among his troops, for suffering such an insult; and this disposition presently extended itself to the court. "Your majesty," returned he coolly, to a communication from the king on this point, "has need of a strong fortification to

overawe the garrison of Montmelian; and since the duke of Savoy is willing to be at the expence of this, I had no inclination to interrupt him in erecting it. As soon as it is completely furnished with guns and ammunition, it shall become your majesty's without the cost of building." Henry felt the justice of this idea, and the general performed his promise.

TURENNE, on his return from his brilliant campaign in Westphalia, received from Louis the Fourteenth the kindest and most distinguished attentions: and the king, who was usually sparing of his commendation, on this occasion was lavish in his praises; telling him among other things, that the marquis of Saint Arbre should no longer serve under him, because in his letters to the minister, he had blamed some of the general's measures. "Why did he not address himself to me?" said Turenne. I should have listened to him with pleasure, and might probably have profited by his advice." He then excused, and even commended, the conduct of Saint Arbre; and obtained for him preferment, with a promise that he should not be deprived of an officer of such distinguished merit.

IF any one affirms that he has heard things of you which demand satisfactory explanation, and

of such a nature that it is indispensable for you to require it, either treat this informer with contempt, or force a full and immediate explanation from him, in preference to seeking it, perhaps in vain, elsewhere. By these means you will probably impose silence on one who wished to speak ill of you; you will save a friend, where you might have found an enemy, in refusing to believe what had been falsely reported; and you will rid yourself of characters who are always base and perfidious, and such as no man of honour would desire to have any connection with.

LETTER XI.

ON THE DANGER OF THE PASSIONS.

DO not imagine that I am in this letter about to write a treatise of morality. I shall only consider the passions in their relation to the military character. There are three of these which in your profession, above all others, are the causes of the most fatal mischiefs. These are the more ensnaring, from being in their principle and nature not dishonourable, but becoming disgraceful only by the excesses to which they too often lead.

I SHALL not say to you, that you must not *love*, you must not *drink*, you must never *play*. On the contrary, I will tell you that honourable love was, in happier times, the great charm of life, and the source of many noble and heroic actions; and true gallantry never excluded any of the military virtues. I will tell you likewise, that in the free and familiar intercourse of the table, where decency and gaiety alike preside, wine, taken in moderation, expands the heart,

animates the spirits, and warms the feelings of friends toward each other. With regard to play, I shall be the first to advise your acquiring those common games which will not only render you an acceptable companion to the other sex, but supply yourself with an amusement in the hours of intermission from the business and fatigues of your duty. But I conjure you, never to suffer these pleasures to be to you any thing but *pleasures:* for believe me, they will cease to be such as soon as they assume the character of passions; they will then lead you on from one degree of excess to another, and will not leave it in your power to emancipate yourself from their dominion.

I SHALL make each of these passions the subject of a separate letter.

LETTER XII.

ON LOVE.

OF all the passions, love is undoubtedly the most dangerous; for it not unfrequently seduces even reason itself; and as it is upon our sensibility that its empire is established, it assaults us in every point that is most interesting and dear to us. It has the quality of accommodating itself to the ideas of those whom it wishes to surprise; and the beauty that begins to affect us, appears always to us every thing that we desire it should be. Mistrust yourself, in this passion, more than in any other. It is not difficult to drink and to play, without being either a drunkard or a gamester: but it is impossible to tamper with love without becoming its slave; and the only method to resist its charms, is to fly from them.

YOU may be told, that honourable love has produced the most illustrious actions; and the history of ancient chivalry would furnish you numberless examples of this. But how are the times and the manners changed? It is now set-

dom a tender, delicate, and expressive sentiment, founded on the real merit of the object beloved; which aspires only to the happiness of pleasing that object, jealous of its glory and of its honour, fearing to offend by its own ardour, and scarcely presuming to indulge its hopes. Such was the nature of this affection, that it would have felt itself dishonoured by a thought, an expression, or a sentiment, that the severest virtue could not openly avow. Audacious and daring, when called upon to defend the interests of its fair-one; timid and bashful, when required to state its own pretensions; this sacred enthusiasm of a great and generous soul in all that related to the object that inflamed it, was capable of efforts the most heroic and surprising.

To this passion, thus refined by virtue, succeeded gallantry: which possessed only the exterior of the former, and which has now given place to love of a very different kind and unworthy of the name;—the violent impulse occasioned by derangement of our understanding, and the corruption of our hearts, which, seeking only self-gratification, and the slave of vile and disgraceful appetites, attaches itself indiscriminately to the lowest objects, and delivers our young men into the embraces of those unhappy

females who are distinguished only for the corruption of their manners and the depravity of their actions, and for the number of victims that have been sacrificed to their arts. This vicious inclination of a weak mind inflamed by an ardent fancy and by the habit of dissipation, so entirely subdues its votaries, that it has often effected the ruin of the bravest characters. How many officers do we every day see, who, after having been the dupes of abandoned women, become incapable of an honourable passion, are discarded from well-bred society, and finish their career in misery and disgrace!

FROM this picture, which exhibits to you but a small part of the dangers to which this passion exposes you, judge how much it is incumbent upon you to arm yourself with every possible precaution against its influence. Keep at all times a strict guard over yourself. But do not suffer this mistrust to prevent your frequent intercourse with the other sex: for without such intercourse, the mind becomes enfeebled, the heart loses its sensibility, and the imagination its activity; the manners grow unpolished, and that desire of pleasing which gives so much grace to life, is quickly lost. There is substituted in the place of these, nothing but the austerity of a

mistaken philosophy; and the absence of the graces transforms him who possessed them into an unsocial misanthrophe, equally burthensome to himself and to those around him.

A PERSON of this character would force us from the society of women, because he has ascribed to the whole sex the ill qualities which belong only to an inconsiderable number among them. The man of sense and delicacy judges and acts very differently. He selects the most estimable, and passes some of his sweetest hours in their society.

BUT what circumspection and prudence are necessary to guard you from the ensnaring approaches of love! The greater your sensibility and your virtue may be, the more will you be exposed to the seducing attractions of this passion. If you are aware of the dangers of love, you will keep a watchful guard over your imagination. Cultivate a thirst of glory and renown; impress this sentiment so entirely upon your mind, that it may obtain the mastery over every other: and I can with confidence assure you that, when you are once fully confirmed in this principle,—and when you consider that one moment of weakness is sufficient to make you lose the fruit of all your anxieties, your honour,

your future advancement and fortune,—you will tear yourself without much difficulty from the allurements of love, to fly to those of glory. You will find that the satisfaction derived from the performance of our duty, and a steady perseverance in the paths of virtue, is more consoling, more permanent, and better calculated to promote the happiness of a good man, than the gratification of even the softest and most tender passions.

POLYBIUS, speaking of generals under the influence of love, observes, that this passion has not only been the occasion of the overthrow of the best-established states; the ruin and destruction of the most renowned cities, but has also destroyed the reputation of the greatest captains, when they have suffered themselves to be governed by its authority. Even in a subaltern, this state of bondage is disgraceful; but in the general of an army, it is the severest of all calamities. It is a death-blow to enterprise, and too often exposes its victim to irretrievable dishonour.

THOSE, says a certain writer, who affirm that the passions for women and for pleasure are inseparable from courage, and that there have been few great captains who were not addicted

to both, prove that gallantry, the reading of romances, and a fondness for public entertainments, compose their most serious and most important occupations. They are usually coxcombs, effeminate and corrupted young men, who infest the courts of princes; and what is more fatal still, corrupt the military spirit with their specious and dangerous morality.

HANNIBAL, who is considered by Justin as the greatest general that ever lived, was a remarkable example of chastity and temperance: he never supped luxuriously, says that historian; and at his repasts drank no more than a pint of wine. To this sobriety he added a continence so singular, that almost any one would affirm it to be impossible he could have been a native of the warm climates of Africa.

CYRUS, Philopemen, Scipio Africanus, Epaminondas, Drusus, and the emperor Aurelian, were all models of chastity and temperance*:—

* A GENTLEMAN in the court of Cyrus, reported to him the charms and beauty of Panthea, queen of Susa, who was at that time in the number of Cyrus's captives; and concluded his panegyric, by offering to take him to see her. But Cyrus firmly refused, saying: "If I should visit her on your introduction, I might perhaps go again on her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed."

and these were among the most renowned generals of antiquity.

THE younger Scipio acquired as much celebrity by his continence, as by his illustrious achievements in war.—The Romans under his command took the city of New Carthage by assault. Some of his officers finding a young lady of exquisite beauty, hastened to conduct her to the Proconsul, of whose fondness for women they were not ignorant. A present like this was calculated to inflame the passions of a young man at five-and-twenty. Scipio indeed was affected with the charms of this beautiful captive, but did not suffer himself to be overcome by them. Learning that she was betrothed to a Celtiberian prince named Allucius, who loved her to excess, he instantly determined to sacrifice the passion which he felt rising in his bosom. "If I were only a private individual," said he to the officers who had brought to him this young beauty, "I should have received with transport this masterpiece of Nature; but in the post which I am destined to occupy, what a snare do you lay for my glory! Love may afford amusement to men of leisure: but for a general, especially when he is marching in the road of victory, a mistress is a most dangerous companion; she occupies his so-

licitudes, she contributes to enervate his body and enfeeble his mind." Scipio ordered that the father of his captive, and the Celtiberian prince, might be brought before him. As soon as they appeared: "We are both young," said he to the latter. "The sight of this beauty has made the most sensible impression upon my heart; and if the important concerns which the republic has confided to me, and the principles of honour and decorum, would allow it, I should have been happy to pass my life with this lady. May you enjoy that happiness which the Gods have denied to me! Receive from my hands your spouse, as chaste as though you had taken her from the bosom of her family, and from under the maternal eye: all I require of you in return is, that you will be a friend to the Roman nation and the Roman arms." The relatives of the captive beauty, prostrating themselves at the feet of the hero, offered him, with tears of joy, the gifts which they had brought for the ransom of their daughter. These however, Scipio compelled the Celtiberian prince to accept as an addition to his expected dowry.—This action gained more credit to Scipio, and effected more for the Romans, than the reduction of Carthage. Allucius, overcome with admira-

tion and gratitude, gave so affecting an account of it to the Celtiberians, that fourteen hundred persons of rank among his countrymen immediately came to enlist themselves under the Roman banners, and all Spain was soon determined in favour of Scipio*.

MARSHAL BANNER, the pupil of the great Gustavus, and the companion of his victories, tarnished his glory by the disgraceful manner in which he gave himself up to all the excesses of love. He conceived a violent and romantic pas-

* A SOMEWHAT singular instance of continence is related, in an humble station, even during the voluptuous times of our Charles the Second. In his reign, when licentiousness was at his height in Britain, a yeoman of the guards refused the mistress of the king. The lady, who was dissatisfied with her noble lover, had fixed her eyes on this man, and thought she had no more to do than to speak her pleasure. He removed out of her way: he would not understand her; and when she pressed him farther, told her he was married. The story reached the king, with all its circumstances, but they who expected an extravagant laugh on the occasion were disappointed. He sent for the person; whom he found to be a gentleman, though reduced to that station: "Odds fish, man!" said he, "though I am not honest enough to be virtuous myself, I value them that are." He gave him a commission, and respected him during the remainder of his life.

sion for a German princess. He was now no longer that great general whose wisdom and valour had acquired him the esteem and applause of Gustavus; and whom the brave Swedes, ever accustomed to be led by him to conquest, followed with so much confidence. Wholly absorbed by the tender passion, he committed a series of faults; the enemy regained their superiority, and the possessions of the house of Brunswick at length became exposed to utter desolation. Hence we may learn, that when a violent impression of this nature fixes itself upon great minds, the most dangerous consequences are to be dreaded from its operations.

So in ancient times Antony, after having acquired the fame of a brave and distinguished general, submitted to the allurements of sensual gratification, and buried all his glory in the meretricious embraces of the Egyptian queen.—We have had a striking instance, during the late war, of the superiority which a real military thirst for glory will always have over private indulgence. When the French army was very critically situated in Germany, General Hoche, who commanded it, became exposed one evening to the allurements of a beautiful woman, who by design or accident had placed herself near him at a

public supper. Aware of the weakness of human nature, and anxious for his own glory, as well as conscious of the critical state of the army entrusted to his care, he suddenly rose, ordered his horses, and left the place at midnight.

EVEN the chevalier Bayard was addicted to that most fashionable of all faults, incontinence. One morning, as he was dressing, he ordered his footman to bring him home, in the evening, some victim of lawless passion. The fellow, who was prompt enough in such services, had for some time addressed himself to an old gentlewoman of decayed fortune, who had a daughter of very great beauty, not yet sixteen years of age. The mother's extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful pander concerning the soft disposition and generosity of his master, made her at length consent to deliver up her child. Many were the entreaties and representations of the mother to gain the girl's consent to an action which, the mother confessed, she abhorred, even while she exhorted her to it. "But, child," said she, "can you see your mother die for hunger!" The virgin argued no longer; but, bursting into tears, declared she would go any where.

The footman conveyed her with great obse-

quiousness and secrecy to his master's lodgings, and placed her in a commodious apartment till he should come home. The knight, at his return, was met by his servant with that saucy familiarity which vice never fails to inspire between ranks however unequal; who told him, with a diabolical exultation, "she is as handsome as an angel: but the fool has wept till her eyes are bloated, for she is a maiden and a gentlewoman." He then conducted his master to the room where she was, and retired.

The chevalier, when he saw her bathed in tears, said with some surprise, "Don't you know, young woman, why you were brought hither?" The unhappy maid instantly fell on her knees; and, with many interruptions of sighs and tears, said to him, "Yes, sir; I know too well: my mother, to get bread for her and myself, has sent me; but would to Heaven I might die before I am added to the number of those miserable wretches who live without honour!" With these reflections she wept anew, and beat her bosom.—The novelty of the accident surprised him into virtue; and stepping from her he said, "I am not so abandoned as to hurt your innocence against your will:" afterward, covering the young maid

with a cloak, he led her to a relation's house, to whose care he recommended her for that night.

The next morning he sent for her mother, and asked her if her daughter was in reality the virtuous and amiable creature that she appeared to be: the mother assured him of her spotless purity; at least till the late period when she delivered her up to his servant. "Then," exclaimed he, "are not you an infamous woman, to contrive the debauchery of your own child?" She held down her face with fear and shame; and in her confusion, uttered some broken words concerning her poverty. "Far be it," said the chevalier, "that you should relieve yourself from want by a much greater evil! Your daughter is a fine young creature: do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a wife?" The mother answered, "There is an honest man in our neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said that he would marry her with two hundred pounds." The knight ordered his steward to reckon out that sum; with an addition of fifty pounds to buy the bride-clothes, and fifty pounds more as a help to the mother.—I appeal to any libertine, whether the possession of mercenary beauty could give half the pleasure that

this young gentleman enjoyed in the reflection of having relieved a miserable parent from guilt and poverty, and an innocent virgin from public shame and ruin; and of bestowing a virtuous wife upon an honest man.

In his youth, Zieten was violently devoted to the passion of love, and was frequently entangled in its snares. His own experience however, rendered him indulgent to the foibles of others, and his young officers had no occasion to complain of their general's severity on the subject of their amorous follies. He would often rally them at his own table, with great good nature and pleasantry, on their good or ill fortune in these pursuits: but whenever he discovered that innocence had been seduced, or abandoned by its betrayer to want and infamy: that the peace of a family had been ruined, and the sacred ties of the conjugal union violated; he was unable to set any bounds to his indignation and resentment. The tender passion may indeed have captivated, and led astray, his senses; but it was never able to subjugate his heart entirely: it never checked his activity, slackened his genius, or palsied his arm. His country commanded his first homage; the fair sex had only a secondary claim to his attentions. He was ever alive to the power of beauty,

to the charms of wit, and to the graces. Such sentiments it was his pride to avow.

I SPEAK here from historical information, which supplies a variety of examples of violent affections, entertained by characters in all other respects the most exalted and noble. But do not allow examples of this nature to mislead you. This passion seizes the heart most powerfully; so that, when once a great man has yielded to its dominion, it requires efforts almost more than human to emancipate himself from its chains. It may perhaps be affirmed with truth, that the conquest of Palestine, cost Titus less, than the victory which he gained over himself in parting from Berenice.

FROM such struggles, judge of the violent effects of love. Instances have occurred, in which ambition and glory have not been able in weak minds to overcome its influence, but by the sacrifice of the object that excited it. Such was that of the barbarous Mahomet:—

AT the taking of Constantinople, a Greek lady of illustrious birth, named Irene, scarcely seventeen years of age, fell into the hands of the conquerors. A certain bashaw, who had made her his prisoner, was struck with her beauty, and thought her a present not unworthy to be offered

to the sultan himself. The East never witnessed a more perfect beauty, and her charms preyed most violently on the heart of the fierce Mahomet. He abandoned himself entirely to this new passion; and that he might experience no interruption to its gratification, he passed many days in succession, without seeing either his ministers, or the principal officers of his army. Irene followed him to Adrianople, at which place he fixed her residence. As to himself, to whatever quarter the war led him, he often, in the midst of the most important expeditions, left the care of them to his generals, and returned with eagerness to his beloved Irene.

It could not be long concealed, that glory was not now his ruling passion. The soldiers, accustomed to the booty which had usually followed his victories, murmured at the visible alteration. These murmurs became contagious. Both the officers and men complained of the effeminate life of their leader, but his fierce temper intimidated every one from speaking to him on this subject. At length however, when the discontents of the military were on the point of bursting into open violence, the bashaw Mustapha, considering only his fidelity to his master, communicated to him the conversation which pub-

licly passed among the janisaries, so injurious to his reputation and his interest.

The sultan, after remaining some moments in profound silence, as if deliberating what step he ought to take, made no reply; but, under the pretence of a review of the troops, ordered Mustapha to assemble on the next day all the bashaws in the neighbourhood of the city. He then retired to the chamber of Irene, with whom he continued till the morning.

Never did this young princess appear to him so charming, and never till then did he caress her with such tender affection: to give if possible, an additional lustre to her beauty, he ordered her women to employ all their address and art in the elegance and grace of her attire. After she was completely arrayed, and prepared to make her public appearance, he took her by the hand, and led her into the midst of the assembly. Then lifting up the veil, which concealed her face, he asked the bashaws that surrounded him, if they had ever before beheld such exquisite beauty. All his officers replied to him in an excess of admiration, and in court language congratulated him on the possession of so much happiness. Upon this, Mahomet, seizing with one hand the hair of the young Greek, and with the

other drawing his cimeter, at one blow severed her head from her body; and turning towards the nobles around him with looks wild and furious, "This steel," says he to them, "can sever even the powerful fetters of love!"

SUCH an action is more like the ferocity of a tyger than the rational conduct of a man. Mahomet, incapable of conquering his passions, appeared great from but the excess of his weakness.

THE passion of love exerts its utmost power only on dignified and sensible minds; and it is then capable of actions the most virtuous as well as the most atrocious, the most brilliant as well as the basest, according to the nature of the character which it influences. But on weak and little minds it degenerates into libertinism and licentious gallantry.

LETTER XIII.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

HAVING spoken to you in my former letter upon the subject of Love, it is my design in the present to say a few words upon that of Friendship.

GENUINE and perfect friendship is a sentiment which can exist only united with principles of honour. A philosophical author describes it as 'a tacit covenant between two virtuous and sensible minds.' "I say *sensible*," adds he, "because a monk or a recluse may not perhaps be wicked, and yet may live without knowing any thing of friendship. I say *virtuous*—for the vicious have only accomplices: the voluptuaries, only companions in debauchery; the interested have associates; the politician, his faction; the bulk of the people, their connections; princes, their courtiers; the virtuous alone have friends."

FRIENDSHIP cannot long subsist, if esteem does not regulate the articles of the contract. It is a commerce, with reciprocal engagements:

where nothing is bargained, nothing is required; but wherein the most honourable commonly make the greatest advances, and are most happy when they make the highest offers. Riches, reputation, pleasures, even life itself, are all devoted to our friend.

NEVER, perhaps, was there a more sincere and elegant friendship than that between Scipio and Lælius. The former was one of the greatest generals and best men that Rome ever produced; the other, for his probity and prudence, was distinguished by the surname of "the Wise." They were almost of the same age; and had the same temper, benevolence of mind, taste for learning of all kinds, principles of government, and zeal for the public good. If Scipio excelled in the point of military glory, his friend had perhaps the superiority in eloquence. But let us hear Lælius himself upon so interesting a subject:—"As for me, of all the gifts of nature or fortune, there are none, I think, comparable to the happiness of having Scipio for my friend. I found in our friendship a perfect conformity of sentiments, in respect to public affairs; an inexhaustible fund of advice and support in private life; with a tranquillity and delight not to be expressed. I

never gave Scipio the least offence, to my knowledge: nor ever heard a word escape him that did not please. We had but one house, and one table, at our common expence: the frugality of which was equally to the taste of both. For in war, in travelling, in the country, we were always together. I do not mention our studies, and the attention of us both always to useful learning; this was the employment of our leisure hours, removed from the sight and commerce of the world."—Is there any thing comparable to a friendship like that here described? "What a consolation is it," says Cicero, "to have a second self; from whom we have nothing secret, and into whose heart we may commit our own with perfect unreserve! Can we taste prosperity so sensibly, if we have no one to share with us our joy? And what a relief is it, in adversity, to have a friend who can sympathise with an equal degree of feeling in our distress!"

But what more highly exalts the value of the friendship in question was, its not being founded at all in interest, but solely in esteem for each other's virtues. "What necessary occasion," says Lælius, "could Scipio have for me? Undoubtedly none; nor I for him. But my attach-

ment to him was the effect of my high esteem and admiration of his virtues; and his to me arose from the favourable idea he entertained of my character and manners. This friendship increased afterwards on each side, by habit and cultivation. We both, indeed, derived great advantages from it: but these were not our views when we began to love each other." — Nothing upon earth can be so desirable as such a connection. But in vain do we seek it among the ignorant, the vain, and selfish, or men of loose and profligate principles. We must soon be ashamed of loving the man whom we cannot esteem.

At the battle of Philippi, when Brutus, after the defeat of his army, was in danger of falling into the hands of his enemies, his bosom-friend Lucilius gave him an opportunity to escape: calling out, "I am Brutus; lead me to Antony." Being accordingly conducted to Antony, he spoke with great resolution: "I have employed this artifice," said he, "that Brutus might not fall alive into the hands of his enemies. The Gods will never permit that fortune shall triumph so far over virtue. In spite of fortune, Brutus will always be found, living or dead, in a situation worthy of his courage."

Antony, admiring the firmness of Lucilius, said to him, "You merit a greater reward than it is in my power to bestow. I have just been informed of the death of Brutus; and as your fidelity to him is now at an end, I beg earnestly to be received in his place; love me as you loved him; I wish no more." Lucilius engaged himself to Antony; and maintaining the same attachment to him that he had shown to Brutus, adhered to him when he was abandoned by all the world.

THERE are also heroical instances of this devotedness in persons between whom, from their situations, the more pure and exalted sentiment of friendship may not have existed; but which have arisen from a principle of gratitude or fidelity.

DURING the second bombardment of Algiers, the Moors, in despair, fastened their Christian slaves to the mouths of their cannon, and in this way their mangled bodies were fired against the hostile ships. An Algerine captain, who had been, some years before, taken prisoner by the besiegers, observed among the number an officer who had at that time shown him the kindest treatment, and with whom he had contracted an ardent friendship. He per-

ceived him at the moment when they were about to fasten the unfortunate man to the cannon. The Algerine cried out, and made the most violent struggles to save the life of the victim. But finding his entreaties vain, and that they were on the point of firing the gun, he threw himself across the body of his devoted friend, clasped his arms firmly round him, and called aloud: "Fire! Since I cannot save the life of my friend, I will at least enjoy the consolation of dying with him." The dey, who happened to be an eye-witness of this scene, was so moved at the sight, that he instantly conceded to heroism what he had denied to humanity.

THE marshal d'Armont having taken Crodon, in Bretagne, during the League, gave orders to put every Spaniard to the sword who was found in that garrison. Though death was declared the punishment for disobeying the orders of the general, an English soldier ventured to save a Spaniard. The Englishman was arraigned for this offence, before a court-martial; where he confessed the fact, and declared himself ready to suffer death, provided they would spare the life of the Spaniard. The marshal being surprised at such conduct, asked the soldier, how he came to be so much interested in the preser-

vation of his enemy. "Because," replied he, "in a similar situation he once saved my life."—The marshal, greatly pleased with the goodness of the soldier's heart, granted pardon to them both, and highly extolled them.

AT the siege of Bridgnorth castle, in the reign of Henry II., which was defended by Roger de Mortimer, the king exposed himself to so much danger, that he would have been slain, if a faithful vassal had not preferred his sovereign's life to his own. For, while he was personally giving orders at a station too near the wall, Hubert de St. Clare, governor of Colchester castle, who stood by his side, seeing an arrow aimed at Henry by one of Mortimer's archers, stepped before him, and received it in his own breast. The wound was mortal: he expired in the arms of his master, recommending his daughter (an only child, and an infant) to the care of that prince. It is hard to say, which most deserves admiration: a subject who died to save his king; or a king, whose personal virtues could render his safety so dear to a subject whom he had not obliged by any extraordinary favours. The daughter of Hubert was educated by Henry, with all the affection that he owed to the memory of her father; and, when

she had attained to maturity, was honourably married to William de Longueville, a nobleman of great distinction, on condition of his taking the name of St. Clare, which the grateful Henry was desirous to perpetuate.

At the battle of Roucoux, in 1746, a serjeant of the regiment of Flanders, named Vidal, giving his arm to the prince of Monaco, who was wounded, in order to lead him to a place of safety, had that very arm broken to pieces by a musket-ball. Without betraying the least emotion, this dauntless hero only changed his arm, saying, "Take this, my prince: the other is now good for nothing."

Be careful, my son, in making choice of a friend: for a wrong determination in this point may be attended with the most serious consequences. A friend incautiously selected, may lead you into errors, from which it may be impossible to extricate yourself; and his disputes, or his levity, may occasion you the most severe mortifications. Your education and your principles will naturally restrain you from libertine associations: you will blush to connect yourself with one who glories in being vicious: from men of this stamp I entertain no apprehension for you. But those who conceal their

inward corruptions under a specious and imposing exterior; who join seductive qualities to the most essential defects, both of the mind and of the heart;—it is against such, my son, that I would caution you to be on your guard.

The first rule in the choice of a friend is, not to love him before you know him well. Almost at first sight we may know if a man be of quick or slow parts, if he be gay or serious, clownish or polite, talkative or reserved, witty or stupid; we see all this in his eyes, in his attitude, in his gestures, and in his discourse: but we cannot so easily discover whether he has virtue and probity. It requires more time to be certain with regard to this point: and till we are as well assured of it as it is possible for us to be, we ought not prodigally to bestow upon him, from equivocal appearances, the estimable title of friend. Are we at last convinced that he deserves it? then there must be no reserve; we ought to enter with him into an intercourse of sentiments, of tastes, pleasures, and interests.

No one is entirely exempt from faults: we all have them more or less, trivial, or important. Let us then examine most diligently those of the person whom we desire to take for our

friend; that we may be able to judge whether they are such as we can bear with. But after the connection is once formed, such a scrutiny becomes no longer seasonable. When, however, your friend errs, admonish him. If he resists, exercise that power and authority which enlightened friendship and the purity of good intentions warrant. Dare even to displease him, by telling him the truth:—but be careful not to offend by the temper and manner with which you express it: and remember, that all seasons are not equally proper for admonitions of this nature; wait therefore till a favourable moment presents itself.—But while you are secretly striving to correct the faults of your friend, be his strenuous defender in public, and do not suffer his reputation to be suspected on any occasion.

ONE of the principal advantages of friendship, is the assistance of good advice; but the greatest is, when we find a friend who may be both the judge and the model of our conduct; for we always desire the esteem of him we love, and this leads us to imitate the virtues by which that esteem may be acquired. Whatever be our good-sense, we have need of a

guide. We ought to mistrust our own opinions, for these are often governed by our passions. A friend who takes a real interest in our happiness and our glory, and who is capable no less of leading than of reproving and correcting us, is a real treasure.

SENECA recommends us to select from among a number of truly great men, the most worthy; to act as if always in his presence, and as if we were to render an account to him of our motives. This great man who claims our respect, will a friend be. There is no stronger security for our own worth, nor for the confidence which others repose in us, than a friend whom we respect. We cannot endure to appear imperfect in his eyes. We see also the impossibility of association between virtue and vice; and we are uneasy at living with a judge who, we know, cannot pardon us. Pyrrhus used to say, "Save me from my friends! I am afraid of none but them." Pliny, having lost his friend; "I fear greatly," said he, "lest I should relax in the path of virtue; for I have lost the guide and the witness of my life."

FRIENDSHIP requires a conformity of dispositions, suitability in respect to age, and some

similarity of taste. Persons who are placed in distinguished situations, and are elated with their success, or those who are suing with eagerness for the capricious favours of fortune, are little qualified for the refined intercourses of friendship.

KINGS can never enjoy the assurance of being beloved for their own sakes; it is always the *king* that is regarded, rarely the *man*. No sovereign but Agesilaus was ever punished for having caused himself to be too much beloved. How honourable a dominion! to reign in the hearts of a whole people. Persons in stations of eminence feel, unfortunately, the necessity of amassing riches rather than friends. Where is one who aims to attach the affections of men by benefits conferred on them? who seeks out persons of merit, to support them; and to prepare an asylum in the bosom of a friend in an hour of affliction or disgrace? The far greater part of what we acquire is for others; this only is for ourselves.

WHAT a wide difference between the sentiment which I have now depicted to you, and those connections which are formed only by an agreement in taste for the same sensual pleasures

and enjoyments! the shortest separation will destroy friendships of this nature.

EXAMPLES of genuine friendship are less rare among military men, than among persons in most other classes of life: but even here also, pretended and false friends are to be found.

LETTER XIV.

ON DRINKING.

EXCESSIVE drinking is not less dangerous or less disgraceful to an officer than gaming. What reliance can be placed on him who delivers himself up to this vice? Would you entrust him with a secret commission?—he will divulge it. If you detach him to an advanced post, where he should watch over the security of the army, it is probable that he will not only lose his own corps, but expose the safety of the whole. How can he be sent on a foraging party, to levy contributions, to reconnoitre a country, surprise an important post or a distant town; to subdue by force of arms or persuasion, the inhabitants of a particular canton; or to gain a march on the enemy, on which may depend the fate of a great body of troops? All these commissions require an activity, a presence of mind, and a discretion, of which a man subject to frequent intoxication is utterly incapable.

I WILL not recall to your attention all those numerous evils which are consequent on excess of wine: those combats of the Lapithæ*, which intoxication has a thousand times renewed; the sacrifice of the most important duties to that sleep which such nocturnal orgies render necessary; the destruction of the vigour of health, the weakening the memory and the senses, the brutalizing the mind, the habitual confusion of ideas, and the loss of honour:—such are the more prominent traits of this frightful picture. The example of a commanding officer given up to this vice, is generally followed by the subalterns; and if at any time, when invited to these indulgences, they should, either from inclination or complaisance, have been led to imitate it, what recourse can be opposed to the enemy who might take this very moment to attack them? and what

* THE chief of the Lapithæ, (a race descended from Apollo) assembled to celebrate the nuptials of one of their number. The Centaurs (a kindred people) were also invited to partake the festivity. In the course of the entertainment, an insult offered by one of the Centaurs in a state of intoxication, provoked the resentment of the Lapithæ; and the offender being supported by his companions, the quarrel became universal, and ended in blows and slaughter.

orders can be expected from a commander, whose head is confused with the vapours of a night passed in such excesses?

HISTORY, both ancient and modern, furnishes us numberless examples of the misfortunes which this vice has occasioned; and of the disgraceful faults which some of the most renowned generals have committed, in consequence of yielding themselves to it. The Theban conspiracy was owing to the knowledge which the citizens had of the intemperance and drunkenness of those who commanded in the town. The conspirators so exactly arranged their time, as to dispatch the unthinking governors, in the midst of their debauch, when the total absence of their reason rendered all their courage useless.

THE celebrated elector, Frederic William, marching to the relief of his province, which had been invaded by the Swedes, while he was uniting his troops with the emperor against France, reached Magdebourg with a speed almost incredible. He caused the gates of this fortress to be immediately shut, and took every possible means to prevent the enemy from hearing of his arrival. Toward evening the army passed the Elbe; and advanced by private ways on the following night, to the gates of Rathenau, which contained a

Swedish garrison. The elector contrived to acquaint the baron de Briest, who was in the town, of this movement: and concerted with him privately the best means of surprising the Swedes. Briest acquitted himself of this difficult commission with much address. He gave a great supper to all the officers, who yielded themselves without restraint to the pleasures of the table; and while they were passing their time in drinking to excess, the elector ordered his infantry to cross the Havel in different boats, and to assail the town furiously on all sides. General Daersting, declaring himself to be the commander of a party of Swedes pursued by the Brandebourgers, was the first that entered Rathenau. He instantly dispatched the guard, and the next moment all the gates of the town were forced. The cavalry cleared the streets; and the officers of the place could scarcely persuade themselves, when they awoke from their stupefaction, that they were the captives of a prince whom they fully thought to be then with his troops in the heart of Franconia.

DURING the civil wars in Poland, the Russians laid siege to Skid. The governor, Losnowsky, under pretence of capitulating, obtained a suspension of arms; during which he regaled

the assailants with a profusion of brandy and wine. When Losnowsky saw that the besiegers had drunk to such an excess as to be incapable of defending themselves, he made a vigorous sally, and put them almost all to the sword.

THE duke of Vendome was too much addicted to the pleasures of the table, and to the indulgence of sleep. He performed some splendid achievements in Italy; but it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be prevailed upon, on these occasions to forego his favourite gratifications; and many glorious opportunities of signalizing himself were suffered to slip by; not from the want of courage and valour, but from unwillingness to give up the many hours that he constantly passed in sleep, and at the table.

DRINKING not only brings the greatest dangers in its train, but it frequently urges to actions, which are followed by a remorse that accompanies the offender to his grave. It tarnished the lustre even of all the victories of Alexander; who has left an indelible stain upon his memory by the murder which he committed in his drunkenness, and the remembrance of which distressed him to the last moment of his life:—

CLYTUS was one of Alexander's best friends; an old officer, who had fought under his father

Philip, and signalized himself on many occasions. At the battle of the Granicus, as Alexander was fighting bareheaded, and Rosaces had his arm raised in order to strike him behind, Clytus covered the king with his shield, and cut off the barbarian's head. Hellenice, his sister, had nursed Alexander; who loved her with as much tenderness as if she had been his own mother. As the king, from all these considerations, had a very great respect for Clytus, he entrusted him with the government of one of the most important provinces of his empire; and ordered him to depart for his command on the ensuing day. In the evening, Clytus was invited to an entertainment, in which the king, after drinking to excess, began to celebrate his own exploits; and was so lavish of self-commendation, that he even shocked those very persons who knew that what he spoke was in general true. Clytus, who by this time, as well as the rest of the company, was equally intoxicated, began to relate the actions of Philip, and his wars in Greece: preferring them to all that had been done by Alexander. Though the king was extremely vexed, he stifled his resentment; and it is probable that he would have quite suppressed his passion, had Clytus stopped here; but the latter growing

more and more talkative, as if determined to exasperate and insult the king, he was commanded to leave the table. "He is right," said Clytus, as he rose up, "not to bear free-born men at his table, who can only tell him truth. He will do well to pass his life among barbarians, and slaves, who will pay adoration to his Persian girdle and his white robe." Alexander, no longer able to restrain his rage, snatched a javelin from one of the guards; and would have killed Clytus on the spot, had not the courtiers withheld his arm, and forced Clytus with much difficulty out of the hall. He, however, returned the next moment by another door; singing, with an air of insolence, verses reflecting highly on the king; who, seeing his insulter near him, struck him dead at his feet with his javelin, crying at the same time: "Go now to Philip!"

As soon as Alexander was capable of reflecting seriously on what he had done, his crime displayed itself to him in the blackest and most dreadful light: for though Clytus had committed a great and inexcusable fault, yet it must be confessed, that the circumstances of the banquet extenuate, in some degree, the old warrior's conduct. When a king makes a subject his companion in a debauch, he seems, on such an occasion,

to forget his dignity, and to permit his inferiors to forget it also; he gives a degree of sanction to the liberties, familiarities and sudden flights, which wine commonly inspires. A fault, committed under these circumstances, is indeed still a fault; but it ought never to be expiated with the blood of the offender. This, Alexander had generosity enough to acknowledge; and, at the same time, perceived that he had done the office of an executioner, in punishing, by a horrid murder, the utterer of some indiscreet words, which ought to have been imputed to the effects of wine. He now threw himself upon his friend's body, forced out the javelin, and would have dispatched himself with it, had he not been prevented by his guards. He passed that night and the next day in tears; stretched on the ground, and uttering only groans and deep sighs.

DURING Alexander's stay in Persepolis, he entertained his friends at a banquet, at which the guests drank, as usual, to excess. Among the women who were admitted to it, masked, was Thaïs the courtezan; a native of Attica, and at that time mistress to Ptolemy, who was afterwards king of Egypt. About the end of the feast, (during which she had studiously endeavoured to please the king, in the most artful and delicate

manner), she said, with a gay tone of voice, "that it would be matter of inexpressible joy to her, were she permitted (masked as she was, and in order to end the entertainment nobly) to burn the magnificent palace of Xerxes, who had burnt Athens; and to set it on fire with her own hand; so that it might be said, in all parts of the world, that the women who followed Alexander in his expedition to Asia, had taken much better vengeance on the Persians, for the many calamities they had brought on the Greeks, than all the generals who had fought for the latter either by sea or land." All the guests applauded the discourse; when immediately the king rose from the table, (his head being crowned with flowers), and taking a torch in his hand, he advanced forward to execute this mighty exploit. The company followed him, breaking out into loud exclamations; and afterwards singing and dancing, they surrounded the palace. All the rest of the Macedonians, at this noise, ran in crowds with lighted tapers, and set fire to every part of it. However, Alexander repented, soon after, of what he had done; and thereupon gave orders for extinguishing the flames, but it was too late.

ALEXANDER, having invited several of his

friends and general officers to supper, proposed a Crown as a reward to him who should drink most. The victor on this occasion was Promachus, who swallowed fourteen measures of wine, a quantity equal to eighteen or twenty pints. After receiving the prize, which was a crown worth a talent (about two hundred pounds), he survived his victory but three days. Of the rest of the guests, forty died of their intemperate drinking.

WHEN this same prince was at Babylon, after having spent a whole night in carousing, a second debauch was proposed to him. He attended accordingly, and there were twenty guests at table. He drank to the health of every person present, and then pledged them severally. After this, calling for Hercules's cup, which held a very great quantity, it was filled; when he completely exhausted it, drinking to a Macedonian of the company, Proteus by name: and afterwards pledged him again, in the same furious and extravagant bumper. He had no sooner done this than he fell upon the floor. "Here then," says Seneca (describing the fatal effects of drunkenness), "this hero, unconquered by all the toils of prodigious marches, exposed to the dangers of sieges and combats, and to the most violent

extremes of heat and cold, here he lies, subdued by his intemperance, and struck to the earth by the fatal cup of Hercules!" In this condition he was seized with a fever which, in a few days, terminated in death; when he was only thirty-two years old, of which he had reigned twelve. No one, say Plutarch and Arrian, then suspected that Alexander had been poisoned: the true poison which brought him to his end was wine, which has killed many thousands besides.

PHILIP, father of Alexander, was addicted to the same vice; but its effects on him were either less dishonourable and less dangerous, or rather he did not indulge in it to so great an excess.

A FEMALE once addressed herself to Philip, after he had just arisen from a luxurious repast, and pleaded her cause to him. The arguments she produced were unsatisfactory, and did not convince the king; who immediately pronounced judgment against her, and ordered her to retire. Surprised at a decision which she knew to be unjust, she looked stedfastly at him, and said; "I appeal!"—"How!" cried Philip, "from your king: and to whom?"—"To Philip when sober," she instantly answered. The manner in which he received this reply would do honour to the most

temperate monarch. He examined the affair at greater leisure, acknowledged the injustice of his sentence, and condemned himself to the mortification of reversing his decision.

LETTER XV.

ON GAMING.

IT has been very justly observed, that a passion for play is the overthrow of all decorum: the prince then forgets his dignity; the woman her modesty; all men their duty; and in this pursuit certain hours are set apart for our ruining and hating one another.

TACITUS describes the ancient Germans to have been subject to the spirit of play, to a most exorbitant degree. He says: "They addict themselves to dice, even (which is wonderful) when sober, and as a serious employment; with such an infatuation, that when stripped of every thing, they will at last stake their liberty, and even themselves. The loser goes into a voluntary slavery; and though younger and stronger than his antagonist, suffers himself to be bound and sold. And this perseverance, in so bad a cause, they call *the point of honor**." One would almost be tempted to think this merely an ex-

* "*Ea est in re prava pervicacia, ipsi* fidem *vocant.*"

aggerated description of modern European practices.

To what a point of debasement does the professed gamester reduce himself! Unceasingly tormented by his ruling passion, his conduct produces, and authorizes, the most scandalous suspicions*. To a man of this stamp no one dares trust any thing that is valuable; lest he that has lost his own fortune, should encroach upon that of others. He is a Fury that nothing can restrain: the pay of his soldiers; the fortune of his friends; nothing to him is sacred. Even in distress, he is capable of the meanest expedients to procure that money which he burns with impatience to expose to fresh hazards; and he often

* A STRIKING example occurred during the late war, which reflects too much credit upon His Royal Highness the Duke of York, to be omitted in this place.

AN officer having been detected by another from whom he had won a considerable sum of money, by foul practices, at hazard or backgammon, the latter exhibited a charge against him before the commander in chief, who instantly ordered a court of inquiry to sit upon the party. The accusation was substantiated; and the delinquent was dismissed the service, without further investigation; being declared guilty of *scandalous and infamous behaviour, unbecoming the character of an Officer and a Gentleman.*

finishes his career, by being obliged to sell his commission, and quit the service poor and in disgrace.

I COULD cite to you many examples of this nature, of which I have been myself the witness. I have seen young men who had brought to their regiments large sums, lose in one unhappy moment the whole of their patrimony: and compelled to return ignominiously to their families, to spend the remainder of their lives in obscurity; wretched in themselves, and useless to those around them. It is true, that all have not the same ill-fortune. But would you, my son, wish to be one of those whose happiness is raised upon the ruin and the disgrace of these unfortunate men?

THIS passion is, in a rich officer, a great folly, and commonly terminates in the diminution or total loss of his fortune; but even then he has a resource in the ability of his family to supply him the means of subsistence and support. But in him who possesses only a slender fortune, it is an unpardonable temerity, which leaves him nothing but the prospect of absolute poverty. In an officer without any fortune, it is a baseness; for he hazards nothing himself, while he attempts to enrich himself by the ruin of others.

BESIDES the loss of fortune and of honour, and the neglect of duty; games of chance draw after them many other evils. One of the most prevalent of these is the frequent quarrels which arise from the rage and vexation of the losers, and are too generally terminated by the shedding of blood. Another inconvenience of play, even when most innocent, is the loss of time: a serious evil in the estimation of an officer, who considers that he has no more than is necessary for acquiring the knowledge and fulfilling the duties of his station. Make, then, the firm resolution, not only never to play at games of hazard, but even to use the more innocent ones as little as possible. If you are animated by the love of your profession and the desire of glory, you will find your time too precious to be wasted: you will soon perceive that the hours which the daily duties of your situation allow you for study are too few; and, when you are obliged to seek relaxation for your mind, the society and conversation of intelligent officers will furnish you a more interesting amusement than play, and you will thus too acquire their esteem, which will be of far greater value to you than the profits of a gamester.

COLONEL DANIEL took great pleasure in

giving advice to young officers; as, directing them in their military duties, the management of their pay, &c. Whenever he was upon the article of gaming, he used to tell the following story of himself as a warning to others, and to shew that a little resolution may conquer this absurd passion:—

In queen Anne's wars, he was an ensign in the English army then in Spain: but he was so absolutely possessed by this evil, that all duty, and every thing else that prevented his gratifying his favourite passion, was to him most intolerable. He scarcely allowed himself time for rest; or if he slept, his dreams presented packs of cards to his eyes, and the rattling of dice to his ears: his meals were neglected, or if he attended them, he looked upon that as so much lost time; he swallowed his meat with precipitation, and hurried again to the gaming-table. In short, he was a professed gamester. For some time, fortune was his friend: and he was so successful, that he has often spread his winnings on the ground, and rolled himself on them, in order that it might be said of him, "he wallowed in gold." Such was his life during a considerable time; but he often said, and surely every con-

siderate man will join with him, that it was the most miserable part of it.

After some time he was ordered on the recruiting duty, and at Barcelona he raised one hundred and fifty recruits for the regiment; though this was left entirely to his serjeant, that he might be more at leisure to attend to his darling passion. After some changes of good and ill-luck, fortune declared so openly against him, that in one unlucky run, he was stript even of the last shilling. In this distress he applied to a captain of the same regiment for the loan of ten guineas; which was refused with this speech: "What! lend my money to a professed gamester? No, sir, I wish to be excused: for I must necessarily lose either my money or my friend; I therefore choose to keep my money."

With this mortifying refusal he retired to his lodging; where he threw himself on the bed, to lay himself and his sorrows to a momentary rest, during the heat of the day. A gnat happening to bite him, he awoke; when his melancholy situation immediately presented itself to him. Without money, and no prospect to get any to subsist himself and his recruits to the regiment, then at a great distance from him! Should they

desert for want of their pay, he must be answerable for it; and he could expect nothing but cashiering, for disappointing the queen's service. He had no friend; for he whom he had esteemed so, had not only refused to lend him money, but had added taunts to the refusal. He had no acquaintance there; and strangers, he knew, would not let him have so large a sum as was answerable to his real necessity.

He was thus naturally led to reflect seriously on what had induced him to commence gamester; and this he at once perceived was idleness. He had now found the cause, but the cure was still wanting: how was that to be accomplished so as to avoid a relapse? Something must be done: some method must be pursued to employ his time so effectually, as to prevent his having any to throw away at gaming. It then occurred to him, that the adjutancy of the regiment was to be disposed of; and this he determined to purchase, as a post the most likely to find him a sufficient and laudable way of passing his time. He had a letter of credit to draw for what sum he pleased for his promotion in the army; but not to throw away idly, or to encourage his extravagance. This was well: but the main difficulty remained, and he must get to the regiment

before he could take any steps towards the intended purchase, or draw for the sum to make it with.

While he was endeavouring to fall upon some expedient for extricating himself out of this situation, his friend, who had refused him in the morning, came to pay him a visit. After a very cool reception on the colonel's side, the other began by asking him, what steps he intended to take to relieve himself from the state in which his imprudence had involved him. The colonel told him all that he had thought upon that head, and the resolution he had made of purchasing the adjutancy as soon as he could join the regiment. His friend then embracing him, said: "My dear Daniel, I refused you in the morning in that abrupt manner, in order to bring you to a sense of your dangerous situation, and to make you reflect seriously on the way of life you had fallen into. I heartily rejoice it has had the desired effect. Pursue the laudable resolution you have made, for be assured that *Idleness and Gaming are the ruin of youth.* My purse, as well as my interest and advice, is now at your command:—there; take it, and provide what is necessary to subsist yourself and recruits to the regiment."

This behaviour entirely obliterated the harshness of the refusal in the morning; the colonel now viewed his visitor in the agreeable light of a sincere friend, and for ever after esteemed and found him such. In short, he set off with his recruits for the regiment; where he gained great applause for his success, which, as well as his commission, he had almost lost by one morning's folly: he immediately solicited for, and purchased the adjutancy; and from that day forward never touched cards or dice, but, as they ought to be used, merely for diversion, or to unbend his mind after too close an attention to serious affairs.

Henry IV. of France, once lost at play a sum of money, so considerable, that it was said to have been sufficient to have retaken Amiens from the Spaniards. Sully, his minister, suffered Henry to send to him three or four times for it; at last he brought it to the king, and spread it all out upon the table before him in his apartment. Henry fixed his eyes upon it for some time with great attention; and then, turning to Sully, said: "I am corrected: I will never lose any money at gaming again while I live."

EVERY species of chance play, however, was strictly forbidden in the French camps and gar-

temperate monarch. He examined the affair at greater leisure, acknowledged the injustice of his sentence, and condemned himself to the mortification of reversing his decision.

were fined 1000 livres (or 40*l.* sterling); and the master or mistress of the house where the games were allowed, were fined 6000 livres (240*l.*) for each offence. It was further ordained, that in case the persons so discovered were unable to pay these fines, they should be taken into custody. Those subjected to the penalty of 1000 livres, were to be imprisoned for four months; and those who incurred the fine of 6000 livres without having the means to pay it, for a year. The intendants of the provinces and armies, the police magistrates, and the military provosts, were all and severally directed to see this edict put in execution; and by a circular letter, written in the king's name to the different governors of provinces, the prohibitions were extended even to the private soldier.

On the 25th of August, 1698, Louis XIV. issued an order, by which he rigorously forbade, under pain of death, every individual belonging to the French cavalry or infantry, (sutler and private soldier included), to keep any gaming table in camp or quarters.—In consequence of these regulations, and with the view of introducing the strictest principles of honour and regularity in a profession, which is tarnished even by the breath of suspicion, on the 1st of July,

1727, Louis XV. ordained by an article of war, that whatever soldier, of horse or foot, was convicted of cheating at play, should be punished with death. He further directed, that in case any hazard-table should be set up in a camp or garrison, the commanding officer or governor was to order the same to be broken forthwith, and to commit all persons concerned therein to prison.

LETTER XVI.

ON ANGER.

ANGER is a most disgraceful passion. There is nothing which so much enfeebles our judgment. At the same time, it is to be lamented that persons are found, of the most honourable, humane, and otherwise excellent characters, who tarnish, by this defect, all these estimable qualities. They are irritated by the slightest contradictions; and in this rage, which is equally fatal to themselves and to those about them, they are totally regardless both of what they say and of what they do. A man of a reflecting mind, when he is sensible of this great blemish, will exert the utmost care to correct it. And he will not find it difficult to succeed in his endeavours, if, when he feels the emotion rising in his breast, he can pause for a moment, to ask himself what is the object of his anger, and whether it is worth the vexation it occasions him.

MANY persons attempt to excuse their anger, by the shortness of its duration, and by the

calm which almost instantly succeeds their passions; but it is surely a poor compliment to any, to tell them that they are happy in their passions being only momentary; and, that, like dogs, they are harmless only when they are not opposed.

A PASSIONATE temper renders a man unfit for advice, deprives him of his reason, robs him of all that is great or noble in his nature, destroys friendship, changes justice into cruelty, and turns all order into confusion. The first step to moderation is, to perceive that we are on the point of exceeding it: it is much easier wholly to prevent ourselves from falling into a passion, than to keep it within just bounds; that which few can moderate, almost any body may prevent.

THIS defect is most dangerous in an officer, who is destined to the command of others: because, his judgment being subdued by his choler, he punishes his soldiers less in proportion to the fault they have committed, than to the degree of indignation it has excited in his breast. What a vast difference is there between him who is led away by his passions, and him who punishes coolly, and only in obedience to his judgment! Sober reason is not precipitate; but weighs and examines every thing, and allows

time for reflection and amendment. It pronounces sentence with regret; and when it is constrained to inflict punishment, always proportions it to the crime.—Anger is unjust. It is a passion which flatters and pleases none but itself. How often in this state of mind are we led to decide against truth; and what is worse still, even against innocence! Anger always obeys its first impulse; and it has been accounted the highest effort of philosophy to subdue it. "You are very fortunate that I am in a passion," said Archytas of Tarentum to his steward, against whom he had some cause of complaint, "or I should certainly have punished you."

ALVIANO, general of the Venetian armies, was taken prisoner by the troops of Louis XII. and brought before him. The king treated him with his usual humanity and politeness; to which the indignant captive did not make the proper return, but behaved with great insolence. Louis contented himself with sending him to the quarters where the prisoners were kept; saying to his attendants, "I have done right to send Alviano away. I might have put myself in a passion with him, for which I should have been very sorry. I have conquered him; I should learn to conquer myself."

NOT a more enviable feature existed in the character of the duke of Marlborough, than that which is displayed by the following anecdote: The duke possessed great command of temper; and never permitted it to be ruffled by slight things, a point in which even the greatest men have been occasionally found unguarded. As he was riding one day with commissary Marriot, it began to rain, and he called to his servant for his cloak. The man not bringing it immediately he called for it again; but still the servant, being embarrassed with the straps and buckles, did not come up to him. At last, the rain increasing, the duke called a third time, and asked him what he was about that he did not bring the cloak. "You must stay," grumbled the fellow, "if it rains cats and dogs, till I can get at it." The duke turned round to Marriot, and said very coolly: "Now I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

LETTER XVII.

OF HONOUR.

THOUGH the principle of Honour is capable of being called in to regulate, and produce whatever is most beautiful in, every class of society; yet the military character is peculiarly that from which it has emanated, and with the very existence of which it is inseparably interwoven. It is here not only the vital principle, the nerves of the entire body, but the great leading motive to action of each individual member. It is among this class of the community, that, from the operation of this great prejudice, if I may so call it, the virtues of the body politic are carried to the highest degree of perfection. It is here that valour, generosity, integrity, magnanimity, and all the qualities which form the truly good man, are united in their utmost purity.

Do not be startled at the term *prejudice*, which I have applied to honour. It is thus that I wish to distinguish it from Virtue, a principle

sometimes less powerful and less active even than that of honour. The one has its foundation in the heart; the other is governed by the public opinion; which is a judge not less severe. The Greeks and Romans, and every other people who have distinguished themselves by the love of their country, achieved that from the principle of virtue, which the modern European nations accomplish from an impulse of honour. Each of these sentiments has produced effects of equal greatness; and he that hesitates at the call of honour, will not be less attentive to the voice of virtue. If the love of our country engages our fidelity, the impression of honour forbids us to abandon it even in the last extremity. While Cesar was engaged in the war in Africa, one of his galleys having been captured by the fleet of Varus and Octavius, a centurion and a party of soldiers were brought to Scipio, who was then in the act of administering justice: "Since fortune," says he to them, "has delivered you into my hands, and as it was no doubt through compulsion that you obeyed the tyranny of Cesar, tell me, will you not follow the cause of the republic, and of all good and honest citizens? Life, liberty, and a handsome reward, shall be the price of such a determina-

tion." This proposal, he expected, would have been received with the utmost gratitude and joy; but the centurion, undertaking to reply in behalf of himself and his comrades, thus answered: "I greatly thank you, generous Scipio, in that being your prisoner you have proffered to me my life and liberty; offers which I should rejoice to accept, if I could do so whithout incurring a stain on my character: but shall I go and present myself in battle against Cesar, after having fought for him during so many years? and shall I unsheath the sword against those beloved friends and companions for whom I have so often hazarded my life? I intreat you not to compel me: and if you desire to prove your forces, give me only ten of my comrades, to oppose to one of your cohorts, and judge of the issue of the war by that of our combat." Scipio, indignant at this proposal, had the cruelty to order him to be put to death on the spot. The generous conqueror of Carthage would have shown greater respect to the fidelity of this intrepid centurion.

A CIRCUMSTANCE which frequently prompts politicians to act perfidiously is, their being persuaded that it is the only means to make a negotiation succeed. But, though this were

the case, can it ever be lawful to purchase such excess at the expence of probity and of honour? —"If your father-in-law" (Ferdinand the Catholic), said Louis XII. to Philip archduke of Austria, "has acted perfidiously, I am determined not to imitate him; and I am much better pleased with having lost a kingdom (Naples) which I am able to recover, than I should have been had I lost my honour, which can never be recovered."

VIRTUE has been said to be the political stimulus of republics; and honour, that of monarchies. It is true, a more powerful energy is allowed to belong to the former: but it is allowed at the same time that honour (defining it to be a prejudice of certain persons, in certain situations) supplies the place of virtue, and is its faithful representative*; that it inspires the most heroic actions, and, united with the strength of legal authority, effects all the purposes of governments as well as virtue itself. If such be the powerful operation of this prin-

* "HONOUR's a sacred tie; the law of kings;
"The noble mind's distinguishing perfection;
"That aids and strengthens Virtue where it meets her,
"And imitates her actions where she is not."
Addison's Tragedy of CATO.

ciple as to supply the place even of virtue, if it seeks its reward in the public estimation, what are the duties which it does not impose upon us! But it is needless for me here to enlarge upon this principle of honour: it is a sentiment which was born with you, my son; and your own heart will instruct you more fully on this subject, than all the exhortations which it is in my power to give you.

THERE is a species of false Honour, which is too frequently confounded with what is genuine and true. The latter is mild, modest, great, noble, generous, and conciliating: the former restless, turbulent, suspicious, quarrelsome, insupportable in its pretensions, jealous, and presumptuous; it is pride, beneath the mask of delicacy; it cannot forgive even a smile, or an innocent and harmless pleasantry; it breathes nothing but quarrels and combats. He that is the object of this false sentiment, is in the highest degree irritable. Whether you lead or follow him, it is at your peril: for he neither receives nor admits of any excuses; and though not deficient in courage, he makes the most injurious and dangerous use of this quality. He is the pest and the bane of social in-

tercourse, as the superstitious person is that of true religion.

As there is a false honour, so is there likewise a false species of bravery, which puts on an air of impudent defiance; blustering in public assemblies, despising civilities, and unawed by the presence of others, however they may excel in rank, in wisdom, or in virtue. Such persons, little anxious for the esteem of those around them, seem to think that every body ought to be afraid of them; and look upon condescension and modesty as unmanly weaknesses.

THIS false notion of honour and of bravery is a remnant of the barbarism of our ancestors, with whom it was universally prevalent; and how much of the most precious blood of the state has been sacrificed to this mistaken principle! It is now, however, more justly estimated by the truly brave; they look upon it as one of the most destructive plagues that can afflict a nation. Cherish, my son, that honour which will render you formidable to the enemies of the state; and contemn that false principle, which is as far removed from real glory as the brave man is from the blusterer.

He that has properly learnt his duty, will engage his honour in the performance of it. He will mount a breach, or force an intrenchment, or break through a division of the enemy, with intrepid composure; he will not tremble at the view of danger, though he will not court it without necessity. His life is at the service of his country, and of his sovereign; and against the enemies of these he is always ready to expose it. He will, however, on no occasion seek to make himself enemies from the vain motive of hazarding it unnecessarily; and if he should at any time, through imprudence or accident, unintentionally offend one of his comrades, he will not hesitate to make a suitable apology.

Henry IV. of France exhibited a fine example of sensibility, on an occasion of this nature, towards the great Schomberg; whose honour he had by some means hurt. A few moments before the battle of Ivry, the king said to him: "Monsieur Schomberg, I have offended you. This day may, perhaps, be the last of my life: God forbid that I should fall, under the impression that I had insulted the hononr of a gentleman, without any offer for the reparation of such an injury! I am

convinced both of your valour and your merit. I entreat you to pardon me: to embrace me."— "It is true," answered the general, "that your majesty wounded me lately, but to-day you kill me; for your conduct at this instant will force me to sacrifice my life in your service." This brave man was slain, fighting by the side of the king.

HAVING thus given you a correct idea on the nature of Honour, I shall reserve the important subject of Duelling for a separate letter.

LETTER XVIII.

ON DUELLING.

I HAVE thus far rapidly run over those vices, which, in military men, are particularly dangerous to Honour. I have endeavoured to give you an idea of the virtues which are more immediately and directly opposed to such vices. To secure yourself from the one, and to animate you to the practice and pursuit of the other, only compare them in their consequences. On the one hand, what torment and anguish of heart! what contempt and shame! On the other, what a brilliant career! what glory! what self-gratulation and inward peace! what amity and concord with others! Beloved by your comrades, respected by the soldiers, esteemed by every body, you have nothing to fear from the reproaches of your superiors, or the ill dispositions of your equals.

THE principle of Duelling is very far from constituting an essential and necessary part of true courage. The ancient Greeks and Romans never wore swords but in war; nor were any

duels ever fought among them. If they challenged one another, it was either a contest between rival princes, and to prevent a greater effusion of blood; or else it was to fight singly against the enemies of their country.—Cesar has given us a remarkable instance of this kind of challenge, in his Commentaries. Two centurions of high rank, T. Pulfio and L. Varenus, having with great animosity long contested which was the braver man, or more worthy of preferment; and being present at Cesar's camp, when assaulted by the Gauls; the former, in the heat of the attack, called aloud to the latter in these words: "Why should you remain in doubt, Varenus? What fairer opportunity can you desire for the proof of your valour? This, this shall be the day to decide our controversies." Immediately on this spirited call, Pulfio went out of the camp, and rushed upon the enemy. Varenus followed his rival, who, with his javelin, slew the first of the Gauls that engaged him; but being attacked by a shower of darts, one of them pierced his shield, and stuck after such a manner in his belt, as prevented him from drawing his sword. The enemy presently surrounded him, thus encumbered and unable to defend himself. At this instant, Varenus came up to his assistance, slew

one, and drove the rest before him; but pursuing them too eagerly, he stumbled and fell. Pulfio, who had now disencumbered himself from the dart, and drawn his sword, came very seasonably to the rescue of Varenus; with whom, after having slain many of the Gauls, he returned in safety and glory to the camp. Thus this warlike nation did not, in their private quarrels, sheath their swords in each other's breast: contests of valour among them were only calls and incitements to the exertion of public and patriotic deeds.

THE baron de Lunebourg, commander of one of the mercenary German regiments which served under the duke of Guise, was much displeased at the duke's examining into the state of his soldiers; and so far lost the respect due to his illustrious general, as to pull out one of his pistols, and present it to the duke; who immediately, with the greatest coolness, drew his sword, and knocked the pistol out of his hand. Guise's aide-de-camp was about to put the officer to death instantly; but was interrupted by the duke, who said: "Stop, sir; do not you think I can kill a man as well as yourself, when I think fit?" Then turning toward the German, he addressed him: "As for you, sir, I forgive the insult you have put

upon me; but with respect of that which you have offered to the service of my sovereign, of whose person I am the representative, his majesty will settle that as he pleases*."

TURENNE, when he was a young officer, and at the siege of a fortified town, had no less than twelve challenges sent him; all of which he put into his pocket, without further notice: but being soon after commanded upon a desperate attack on some part of the fortifications, he sent a note to each of the challengers, acquaint-

* THE general who commanded the expedition to Ostend during the last war, was examined, after his return to England, as a witness before a general court-martial held upon a certain field-officer for misconduct in that expedition. The court sentenced the officer in question to be dismissed from his majesty's service; who, when thus freed from the military character, sent the general a challenge. General Coote immediately applied to the court of King's Bench; and, at the same time, reported the matter to the commander in chief. His royal highness, in reply, observed, that his majesty had been pleased to express his entire approbation of the general's conduct; who, by having recourse to the laws of his country, had exhibited a spirit every way becoming a good soldier. To this approbation, his royal highness added his own; with directions that the communication should be entered in the orders of every regiment in the service.

ing them that he had received their papers, which he deferred answering till a proper occasion offered, both for them and himself, to exert their courage for the king's service; that being ordered to assault the enemy's works the next day, he desired their company,—when they would have an opportunity signalizing their own bravery, and of being witnesses of his.

OF marshal Saxe's courage no one could ever doubt; yet his friends said of him, that he would never fight a duel.

THERE are many who suppose that their military career ought to be begun with an immediate proof of their bravery, either by quarrelling with or challenging some of their companions. Hence they assume a tone and air of insolence and self-sufficiency, which disgusts; and even compels officers, of the best natural temper and disposition, to humble and chastise the insulting and disdainful manners of these heroes.—A ludicrous story is told of one of this description. Colonel Guise, going over to Flanders one campaign, observed a young raw officer, who was in the same vessel with him; and with his usual benevolence, offered to take care of him, and conduct him to Antwerp, whither they were both going: which he accordingly did, and then took

leave of him. The young fellow was soon told, by some whom he happened to fall in company with, that he must signalize himself by fighting some man of known courage, or else he would soon be despised in the regiment. He replied, that he knew no one but colonel Guise; and from him he had received great obligations. That made no difference, they said, in these cases; the colonel was the fittest man in the world, as every body knew his bravery. Soon afterwards therefore, the young officer addressed colonel Guise as he was walking up and down in the coffee-house; and began, in a hesitating manner, to tell him how much obliged he had been to him, and how sensible he was of his kindness. "Sir," replied Guise, "I have done my duty by you, and no more." "But, colonel," added the other, faultering, "I am told that I must fight some gentleman of known courage, and who has killed several persons; and that nobody——" "Oh, sir!" replied the colonel, "your friends do me too much honour; but there is a gentleman," showing him a fierce-looking, black-fellow, that was sitting at one of the tables, "who has *killed half the regiment.*" On this the young officer approaches the person pointed out, and tells him, he is well informed of his bravery, and

that, for that reason, he must fight him. "Who, me, sir?" replied the gentleman: "why, I am *an apothecary.*"

It is nearly always an officer's own fault, if he is led into disputes; and there is scarcely any one that will take the pains to examine the ground of these disputes, but will be forced to acknowledge that he might have avoided them without any injury to his reputation. They all originate either from defects in ourselves, or from those which we fancy in others. It is almost invariably a trifling indiscretion, a severe remark, a false rumour, a sudden vexation, some fact either invented or asserted without proof, or some idle display of vanity or pride, which gives occasion to duels. There are surely few injuries of such a nature, which a little prudence might not prevent*, or which might not be repaired by

* General Oglethorpe, when a very young man (only fifteen), serving under prince Eugene, of Savoy, was one day sitting in a company at table with the prince of Wirtemberg. The prince took up a glass of wine; and, by a fillip, made some of it fly in Oglethorpe's face. Here was a nice dilemma. To have challenged him instantly might have fixed a quarrelsome character upon the young soldier: to have taken no notice of it, might have been considered as cowardice. Oglethorpe, therefore, keeping

a portion of mildness and condescension. I am fully persuaded that a young man who discovers discretion, modesty, and at the same time true courage, will always find his comrades disposed to take his part against the bully that seeks to involve him in fruitless quarrels. ONE GALLANT EXPLOIT AGAINST THE PUBLIC ENEMY, CONFERS MORE HONOUR UPON AN OFFICER THAN A HUNDRED DUELS. The brave and the good avoid such as are distinguished by the appellation of *fighters*. They consider, justly, that, though glorious to shed their blood in the service of their king, it is disgraceful either to give or to receive a death-wound for a simple, and often an unreal, point of honour. Fortunate or unfortunate, what advantage can you promise yourself by a dispute terminated in this way? If you kill your adversary, or if you wound him so as to render him incapable of service, what a disgrace to have deprived your country of a brave

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his eye upon the prince, and smiling all the time, as if he took in jest what his highness had done, said: "My prince, that's a good joke; but we do it much better in England;" and threw a whole glass of wine in the prince's face. An old general, who sat by, said: "He is in the right, my prince; you began it!" and thus all ended in good-humour.

man, who might perhaps have rendered it the most signal and important benefits! If you fall yourself, your death has little of glory attached to it, for your family or friends to boast of: if you are wounded, as little occasion have you to glory in a wound, which would have been so honourable if received in fighting against the enemies of your country.

THE Turks suffer no duels. Busbequius tells us of a reproof given to an officer by a bashaw of Constantinople, for boasting that he had challenged his enemy, which is well worth the notice of every thinking man. "How durst thou," said he, "challenge thy fellow-creature to a duel? What! was there not a Christian* to fight with? Do not both of you eat of the emperor's bread? And yet you must go about to take away each other's lives! Do not you know, that whoever of the two had died, the emperor had lost a subject?" The challenger was then ordered to prison, where he lay many months; and was at last with difficulty released, and even then with the loss of his reputation.

"HE," says the accomplished Addison, "who

* *Christian* is a term of the greatest reproach and degradation among the Turks.

has no other recommendation than bravery, is ill qualified to make an agreeable figure in the world; for he will not know how to employ the talent which sets him above others, without creating or finding for himself enemies." In fine, do not forget, my son, that as the coward exposes himself to ridicule and contempt, so the duellist, the murderer, perhaps, of his dearest friend, is the object of every unsocial and disgraceful sentiment; of fear, or of hatred, detestation, and abhorrence.

I CANNOT too often repeat to you, that modesty and humanity are the most shining endowments of an officer. He who possesses religion is modest, because he refers every thing to an arm stronger than his own; he is humane, because humanity and justice are the basis of all religion; these are the qualities which render the soldier patient under fatigue, docile to his superiors, kind to his companions; which, in, short, instruct him that life itself is no other than a deposit, which he ought to preserve or to risk only according as the interests of his country require.

COLONEL GARDINER, who was killed at the battle of Preston Pans, in the year 1745, and who was deeply impressed with a sense of

religion, having once received a challenge, answered: "I fear sinning, though you know I do not fear fighting."

THESE are the maxims, and these the examples, by which I would have your own private sentiments formed, respecting the practice of duelling. But the principles of our conduct and character must, in every situation, be regulated in conformity with the opinions and prejudices of those among whom we are placed; and it is much to be regretted, that duelling is not yet universally looked on in this light by the army at large.—And here it may be not unacceptable to view the result of the arguments which have been adduced on this subject by authors of our own country.

I SHALL first present you with those of a somewhat eccentric philosophical writer*, who thus expresses himself:—

"WITHOUT obeying this sentimental influence of honour," says this author, "there would be no living in a populous nation. It is the tie of society: and although we are beholden to our frailties for the chief ingredient

* MANDEVILLE. He was a native of Holland; but settled early in England.

of it, there has been no virtue, at least that I am acquainted with, which has proved half so instrumental to the civilizing of mankind; who, in great societies, would soon degenerate into cruel villains and treacherous slaves, were honour to be removed from among them.

"Yet, in regard to duelling, I pity the unfortunate, whose lot it is to be inevitably exposed to a perilous encounter; but cannot agree with those who say, that the persons guilty of such daring exertion proceed by false rules or mistaken notions of honour; because, as I understand the word, either there is no honour at all, or it teaches men to resent injuries, and accept challenges. For they may as well deny that which we see every body wear, to be the prevailing fashion, as to declare, that demanding and giving satisfaction is against the laws of true honour.

"The inconsiderate opponents who rail against duelling, do not reflect on the benefit which society receives from that fashionable intrepidity. If every ill-bred fellow might use what language he pleased with impunity, and continue offensive because intrenched from the fear of being called to an account for it, then all conversation would be spoiled.

" We are informed, indeed, by some grave philosophical folks, that the Greeks and Romans, who were undoubtedly most valiant men, were totally ignorant of duelling, and never drew their swords but against an enemy in their country's quarrel. This is most true; but for that very reason, the kings and princes in Homer gave one another worse language than our porters and hackney-coachmen would be able to bear, without resentment, and insisting on an immediate satisfaction being made to them.

" Would the legislature prevent duelling as much as possible, let nobody be pardoned who shall offend that way; and let the laws against it be made as severe as possible; but the practice of it cannot, and should not, be entirely abolished. The rigour of the law will prevent the frequency of it, by rendering the most resolute, and the most powerful, cautious and circumspect in their behaviour, not to wantonly trespass against it; and consequently that apprehension will polish and brighten society in general.

" Man is civilized by nothing so irresistibly as by his fear; for, according to lord Rochester's oracular sentiment, ' if not all, at least most men, would be cowards if they durst.' The

dread of being called to a personal account, keeps abundance of people in awe; and there are now many thousands of mannerly and well accomplished gentlemen in Europe, who would have turned out very insolent and very insupportable coxcombs, without so salutary a curb, to keep under restraint their natural petulance.

"Whenever it shall become unfashionable to demand a manly satisfaction for such injuries as the law cannot take hold of, then will there most certainly be committed twenty times the mischief that there is now; or else the present number of constables and other peace-officers must be increased twenty-fold.

"Notwithstanding every rational person must own that the act of duelling, in itself, is uncharitable, unsocial, nay inhuman; yet when we consider how many destroy themselves by suicide, and how few are killed by others in duelling, surely it cannot be said of our people, that they love themselves better than their neighbours.

"Is it not somewhat strange, that a nation should grudge to see, perhaps, half-a-dozen men sacrificed in a twelvemonth, to obtain and ensure such invaluable blessings as the politeness of manners, the pleasure of conversation, and the

happiness of company in general; and especially a nation too that is often so ready, so willing, to expose, and sometimes to lose, as many thousands in a few hours, without the least certainty that any future benefit shall accrue to her from such a loss?

The most cogent argument that can be urged against modern honour, and its favourite principle, the spirit of duelling, is its being so diametrically opposite to the forgiving meekness of Christianity. The gospel commands us to bear injuries with a resigned patience: Honour tells us, if we do not resent them in a becoming manner we are unworthy of ranking in society as men. Revealed religion commands the faithful to leave all revenge to God: Honour bids persons of feeling to trust their revenge to nobody but themselves, even where the courts of law might exercise it for them. Christianity, in express and positive terms, forbids murder: Honour rises up in barefaced opposition to justify it. Religion prohibits our shedding blood upon any account whatsoever: punctilious Honour commands and urges us on to fight for trifles. Christianity is founded upon humility: Honour is erected upon pride.—

I must leave it to wiser heads than mine, to bring about a reconciliation between them."

EVEN our great English moralist has arrived at a conclusion in some respects similar:—

"As men become in a high degree refined," says Dr. Johnson, in one of his conversations, "various causes of offence arise which are considered to be of such importance, that life must be staked to atone for them, though in reality they are not so. A body that has received a very fine polish, may be easily hurt. Before men arrive at this artificial refinement, if one tells his neighbour he lies, his neighbour tells him *he* lies; if one gives his neighbour a blow, his neighbour gives *him* a blow: but in a state of highly polished society, an affront is held to be a serious injury. It must, therefore, be resented, or rather a duel must be fought upon it; as men have agreed to banish from their society one who puts up with an affront without fighting a duel. Now, it is never unlawful to fight in self-defence. He, then, who fights a duel, does not fight from passion against his antagonist, but out of self-defence; to avert the stigma of the world, and to prevent himself from being driven out of society. I could

wish that there were not that superfluity of refinement; but while such notions prevail, no doubt a man may lawfully fight a duel."

Let it be remembered, however, that this justification is applicable only to the person who *receives* an affront. All mankind must condemn the aggressor.

HENRY II. of France was the first monarch who declared against the practice of duelling in that kingdom; and, on account of the death of his favourite, he published an edict to that purpose. It was found, however, that from the prohibition, duels became more frequent.

WHEN Henry IV. of France was firmly seated on the throne, he published a second prohibitory edict against duelling; yet some time afterwards indulged the brave Crequi with a secret permission to fight Don Philip the Bastard, of Savoy.

LOUIS XIII. issued a third mandate to the same effect. The rage for duelling had been carried to such a height in this reign, that when acquaintances met, the usual inquiry was not, "What is the news of the day?" but, "Who fought yesterday?"

LOUIS XIV. caused several edicts to be promulgated against duelling. It is in this way

he speaks of these regulations, in his celebrated address to his son: "I added some fresh penalties to those which had been imposed against duels, and let my subjects know that neither birth nor rank would exempt any one from them. I banished from my court the count of Soissons, who had called out the duke of Navailles; and I imprisoned in the Bastille the person who carried the challenge, though the affair was not brought to effect."

IN a duel in the reign of Henry III. of France, the seconds (two on each side) also fought. This is the first instance of the seconds fighting. Before, they attended only as witnesses, to see that every thing was carried on in a fair and honourable manner.

IN a duel in the reign of Henry IV. of France, it was an express article of agreement between the parties, that the seconds should not fight: it was also agreed that they should not separate the combatants, because it was determined that one of them must die.

IN the minority of Louis XIV. the principals and the seconds fought, five against five. Three of the parties were killed.

THUS sometimes not only one, two, or three, but numerous seconds on both sides were sum-

moned, not merely as spectators, but to be acting parties; and it has frequently happened, that when on either side, by any unforeseen accident, one of the stipulated number was wanted, a courier has been dispatched in quest of the first gentleman that could be got, to hasten and be a partaker in a combat of honour,—which no person of that rank could refuse; so that those who rose up peaceably in the morning, without being embroiled in any dispute or quarrel whatever, could not answer for their not being participants of some troublesome affair before night.

THE last remarkable instance of this kind, in that kingdom, was in the servant of a duellist (a man of family) who wanted one of his number, galloping through the streets of Paris, and crying aloud for the first French gentleman he chanced to meet, instantly to mount the horse he was on, and ride away to the field of battle to which he should direct him. The first gentleman he met, acted accordingly; this being a duty which all persons of that rank held indispensable, as, in a like difficulty, they were to hope for a similar assistance.

IT was also at one time a custom in that country, that the officers of certain regiments, from some antiquated dispute, perhaps of a cer-

tury past, were to fight wherever they met, upon the slightest look or expression, whether really intended as an affront or only imagined to be such; though the gentlemen, before they had assumed their respective uniforms, were intimate acquaintances and friends*.

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* A MELANCHOLY catastrophe, between two French officers of foot, happened many years ago in the province of Languedoc. The name of one of them was De L'Isle; and that of the other, De La Fosse. They had been both born in the same town, the same street, and were almost next-door neighbours. They had passed their infancy, and the first part of their youthful years, together, as school-fellows or play-fellows; whence a most cordial friendship was contracted. Unfortunately for them and their parents, an officer's commission for each was purchased in two regiments, between whom had long subsisted an unremitting animosity. De L'Isle was officer in a regiment upon duty at Montpelier; and De La Fosse bore a commission in the rival corps, that was to succeed it. The latter having a strong desire to see the former, obtained leave to go a day or two before, in a private manner, to see a friend of his who he pretended was very much indisposed, as informed by a letter which he had contrived for that purpose.

DE L'ISLE was transported with joy at seeing him, as well as on account of the obliging stratagem he had invented for that purpose. Having dined, and drunk a cheering glass of Frontiniac together, De L'Isle, who be-

OFFICERS of horse, in such circumstances, when travelling on the same road in different

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longed to the regiment then decamping from Montpelier, conducted De La Fosse, who belonged to that which was to succeed in duty there, to a kind of licensed gaming-house, in the pleasant environs of that city. They played a few games: and De L'Isle having the run of cards in his favour, won every one. The other, somewhat piqued, said unguardedly, "Is it possible to win so? How do you contrive to get such cards?"—"Keep your temper," replied De L'Isle, "the cards may favour you in a game or two more." This friendly altercation ended in a laugh on both sides.—They paid the usual charge of the place for cards, went home, supped together, and on parting took a farewell embrace of each other, De L'Isle being to set out from Montpelier with his regiment the next morning.

It seems, unhappily for them both, and quite unknown to De L'Isle, that an officer of his corps, who had got intelligence of De La Fosse's belonging to the regiment adverse to theirs, stood behind while they played at cards, in order to observe what should pass between them. The busy listener had overheard the impatient expressions at losing, which De La Fosse's too warm temper on the occasion had let escape. These seeming to imply a charge of foul play, he consequently construed them as an affront, which on account of the then subsisting regimental antipathy, was not to be put up with; and, waiting on De L'Isle in the morning, he told him his sense of the affair, that he must go and demand immediate satisfaction,

directions, as soon as they met, and were within shot, saluted, fired a pistol, and if no hurt

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both for the sake of his own honour, and that of the corps to which he belonged.

De L'Isle, alarmed at the cruel purport of this unexpected visit, remonstrated to his brother-officer the undesigning and good-natured warmth of his friend; that they had been intimate from their infancy; that the fatal consequences, perhaps, of such a transaction would effectually ruin his peace of mind for ever, should he even be the survivor. All his excuses, however, were treated as unmanly; and he was told, he might do as he pleased, but that a faithful account of what had passed should be laid before his superior officers. With this menace the incendiary informer left De L'Isle, in order to carry his threats into execution.

Torn with anxiety and horror, De L'Isle went to his friend's lodging, and acquainted him with the terrible dilemma they were both in, and that the horrible mandate of military usage must be obeyed. They went out upon the ramparts of the town, drew their swords with great regret against each other, and soon received on both sides wounds sufficient to disable them from continuing the combat any more that day, as well as to atone, in the judgment of any men but refined barbarians, for so trifling,—nay, so imaginary—an affront. This duel was fought in sight of some of De L'Isle's officers, who had been sent on purpose to observe him. As soon as he got his wounds drest, he repaired to satisfy his superior officers; who would not see him, but ordered it to be intimated to him,

was done on either side, passed by each other with great politeness,—although, perhaps, they had never seen or heard of each other; but their respective uniforms were a sufficient intimation of the honourable manner in which they were bound to acquit themselves, in behalf of their rival regiments.

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that what he had done was not enough, because one of the parties must die.

In consequence of this merciless injunction, the distracted youths, neither desiring to outlive his friend, by mutual agreement ran upon each other's sword, in the fond hope of expiring together: which was nearly the event; for De la Fosse dropt on the instant dead at De L'Isle's feet,—who was so terribly wounded, that his recovery was despaired of for six weeks, by the surgeon to whose house he had been privately conveyed, and where he was kept concealed from all the inquiries of justice. De la Fosse was, by the immediate care of the military gentlemen thrown into a hole, dug for that purpose, and round which they stood with their swords drawn till the flesh was all consumed, or so far disfigured that the sentence of the law, could not be executed on it, viz. That the body of a person slain in a duel is to be dragged through the streets on a sledge, &c.

In about three months after this unhappy catastrophe, De L'Isle escaped from Montpelier in the night-time privately, and disguised fled to Spain; where he lived ever afterwards, lamenting the loss of a beloved friend, tender parents, and his native country.

WHENEVER such antipathies were made known to the court of Versailles, it was the business of the war-minister to take care that the hostile regiments should never meet on the road, in marches from one city or province to another, or be quartered in the same place; to prevent disputes, quarrels, and massacres, which would most probably ensue. And when it happened that a regiment in enmity with another was ordered to succeed to its duty, the latter, by orders from the war-office, evacuated the garrison two or three days before, to prevent all possibility of the officers meeting.

IN the reign of John II. of France, a national duel was fought in that kingdom between two parties of the English and the French nobility, thirty on each side. The quarrel originated in the murder of an English gentleman. The combatants fought on horseback; with lances, mallets, and bill-hooks. At the beginning of the contest, the principal of the English assured his companions, that he had a prophecy of Merlin in his favour, which promised him victory. Several were slain on each side; but the result is said to have falsified the alleged prediction of the British bard.

In the reign of Charles VI. also, seven Eng-

lish knights are said to have engaged seven French knights, "in honour of the superior charms of the ladies whom they admired;"—with the same want of success. Having broken their lances by their impetuosity, they continued the fight with battle-axes. Three Portuguese knights-errants also, in the same reign, came to Paris, and published a challenge of combat to all who would not acknowledge that the ladies whom they admired were the most beautiful women in the world*. They were engaged and defeated by three French gentlemen.

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* An instance of a singular challenge occurs in the biography of lieutenant-colonel Wood, a distinguished officer in our queen Anne's reign.

A Frenchman at Ghent, being detected in coining false money, was tried and condemned. When he was put to the rack, he confessed that a major de Fuiney, of lord Galway's regiment, was an accomplice; but before his execution (which was done by throwing him into a cauldron of red-hot oil), he as strenuously denied it: nevertheless, the major would have surely met the same fate, if the generosity of the English governor had not protected him till the army went into the field, which was in 1697; when the major was ordered to be tried by a court-martial, of which colonel Wood was president, and the major was broken, and declared incapable of ever again serving. At this his friends were

BUT observe, these instances I have extracted from a *French* book.

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so enraged, that they talked freely, and even scandalously, concerning the decision of the court. On colonel Wood's hearing of this, it so much hurt him, that he posted the following general challenge on a church-door at Brussels:—

"Whereas the proceedings of the court-martial which cashiered major Abraham de Fuiney, and whereof I was president, have been scandalously misrepresented to the world by some of his nation; I do hereby declare, that if any Frenchmen, of what rank in the army, or quality whatsoever, have said or do say, that the court-martial which cashiered the said De Fuiney, has done him any injustice, they are rascals, cowards, and villains, and do scandalously lie: and that they all may know who it is that has publicly set up this declaration, to vindicate the honour of his nation, of the court-martial, and of himself, and to throw the villanous scandal upon themselves, which most unworthily they would have put upon an English court-martial, I have hereunto set my name.

"CORNELIUS WOOD."

The Frenchmen in our service were alarmed at this general challenge: all of them thought themselves concerned therein, but more particularly the major's brother; who sent the colonel a letter, somewhat of the nature of a challenge. He gave it to his aide-de-camp, charging him to say nothing of the contents to any person whatever; and then riding to Brussels, met his antagonist in

MONTESQUIEU thinks that, from the institutions and ordinances relating to *civil and judicial* duels, he can lineally deduce the origin of the modern point of honour in those offensive acts which are looked upon to be the most irritative and stinging causes for a manly resentment, or of incurring the charge of cowardice by suffering them to pass with impunity; and he thus explains himself on this subject:

"IF an accuser began by declaring before a judge, that such a person had committed such an action, and that the impleaded had given him the lie, the judge gave his order for a duel. —Hence arose the custom, that whenever a man received the lie, he was obliged to challenge the

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the park,—when he pushed so vigorously at him, that the Frenchman chose rather to trust to his heels than his sword, and the colonel, being in very heavy boots, could not overtake him before he got out of the gate. The colonel having thus put his life at stake in vindication of the honour of his country, had run as great a hazard by fighting in the park belonging to the court of Brussels, it being death by the law of the country: but the ladies interposing for the life of so gallant a man, procured his pardon from the elector of Bavaria; on receiving which he said, "that he was ignorant of the laws of the country; yet, if it had been at the altar, he would have answered a challenge where the honour of the English nation was concerned."

offender to combat with him, for having dared to offer him that gross affront.

"When a person had declared himself both willing and ready to combat, he could not evade it afterwards, if he even attempted it; and he incurred the penalty annexed to such a recreancy.—Hence the custom was established, that when a man had once given his hand, the law of honour forbade his receding from it.

"Gentlemen encountered each other on horseback, and with arms: plebeians fought on foot, and with a stick or quarter-staff. Hence a stick is considered as a disgraceful weapon; because, whoever had been beaten with it, was looked upon to have been treated as a plebeian.

"Plebeians alone fought with their faces uncovered; and were therefore alone liable to receive blows on the face, and to have it disfigured. —Hence it has followed, that a blow given on that part can only be washed away with the blood of the offender; but he who had received it was treated like a plebeian."

DUELLING was first introduced into England at the Norman conquest.

In the reign of James the First, it became an object of attention to government. There was, in particular, a prosecution instituted against

two persons; against the one for sending a challenge, and the other for carrying it: in which prosecution the lord chancellor Bacon, then attorney-general, made a long speech on the subject of duels. One remedy proposed by him was banishment from court. What good effect this might have produced, was probably never tried. A remarkable instance occurs of its being neglected: that of sir Edward Sackville, who afterwards succeeded to the earldom of Dorset. He had killed lord Bruce (a Scotch nobleman, baron of Kinloss), in a duel, attended with the strongest marks of premeditation; yet he was not only permitted to appear at court, but was successively promoted, in that reign, and the following, to a variety of honours, and public offices of importance*.

* The insertion here of the following long and minute account of this transaction, may be excused, as affording a curious specimen of an English duel on a point of honour two centuries ago. The original (and now somewhat antiquated) style of the narrative is preserved.

1.

To Sir Edward Sackville.

'I THAT am in France, hear how much you attribute to yourself this time, that I have given the world leave to

ENGLAND, with the other nations of Europe, had the wisdom to imitate the good ex-

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ring your praises. If you call to memory where I gave you my hand last, I told you I reserved the heart for a truer reconciliation. Now be that noble gentleman my love once spoke you, and come and do him right that could recite the trials you owe your birth and country, were I not confident your honour gives you the same courage to do me right, that it did to do me wrong.

'Be master of your weapons and time: the place wheresoever, I will wait upon you. By doing this you shall shorten revenge, and clear the idle opinion the world hath of both our worths.

'EDWARD BRUCE.'

2.

To the Baron of Kinloss.

'As it shall always be far from me to seek a quarrel, so will I always be ready to meet with any that desire to make trial of my valour by so fair a course as you require: a witness whereof yourself shall be, who within a month shall receive a strict account of time, place, and weapon, where you shall find me ready disposed to give you honourable satisfaction, by him that shall conduct you thither. In the mean time, be as secret of the appointment as it seems you are desirous of it.

'EDWD. SACKVILLE.'

3.

To the Baron of Kinloss.

'I AM ready at Tergoso, a town in Zealand, to give you the satisfaction your sword can render you, accom-

ample of France, in a partial reformation; which, however, was a very considerable one.

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panied with a worthy gentleman, my second, in degree a knight; and for your coming I will not limit you a peremptory day; but desire you to make a definite and speedy repair for your own honour, and fear of prevention, until which time you shall find me there.

Tergoso, Aug. 10. 'EDW. SACKVILLE.'

4.

To Sir Edward Sackville.

'I HAVE received your Letter by your man, and acknowledge you have dealt nobly with me; and now I come with all possible haste to meet you.

'EDW. BRUCE.'

WE are indebted for a relation of the duel, to the following Letter written by sir Edward Sackville to one of his friends in England.

"WORTHY SIR,

"As I am not ignorant, so ought I to be sensible, of the false aspersions some authorless tongues have laid upon me, in the report of the unfortunate passage lately happened between the lord Bruce and myself; which, as they are spread here, so I may justly fear they reign also where you are. There are but two ways to resolve doubts of this nature; by oath, or by sword. The first is due to magistrates, and communicable to friends; the other to such as maliciously slander, and impudently defend their assertion.

"Your love, not my merits, assures me you hold me

A proclamation was issued by Charles II. that no person should be pardoned who killed ano-

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your friend, which esteem I am much desirous to retain. Do me therefore the right to understand the truth of that; and in my behalf inform others, who either are or may be infected with sinister rumours, much prejudicial to that fair opinion I desire to hold amongst all worthy persons: and on the faith of a gentleman, the relation I shall give is neither more nor less than the bare truth.

"The enclosed [*alluding to the above four Notes*] contains the first citation sent me from Paris, by a Scotch gentleman, who delivered it to me in Debyshire, at my father-in-law's house. After it follows my then answer, returned to him by the same bearer. The next is my accomplishment of my first promise; being a particular assignation of place and weapons, which I sent by a servant of mine by post from Rotterdam, as soon as he landed there.

"The receipt of which, joined to an acknowledgment of my too fair carriage to the deceased lord, testified by the last, periods the business until we met at Tergoso in Zealand, it being the place allotted for rendezvous; where he, accompanied with one Mr. Crawford (an English gentleman) for his second, a surgeon, and a man, arrived with all the speed he could.

"And there having rendered himself, I addressed my second, sir John Heidon, to let him understand, that all following should be done by consent; as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments; who

ther in a duel. But, till the principles be eradicated which gave authority to the practice of

agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-zoom, where in the mid-way but a village divides the States' territories from the Arch-duke's.

"And there was the destined stage; to the end that having finished the affair, he that could might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion whose laws were not offended. It was likewise concluded, that in case any should fall or slip, then the combat should cease: and he whose ill fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands.

"But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage; but either then be made friends, or also upon even terms go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, were by us both approved and assented to.

"Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp: and by reason my lord (as I conceive, because he could not handsomely without danger or discovery) had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris, bringing one of the same length but twice as broad, my second excepted against it, and advised me to match my own, and send him the choice; which I obeyed, it being (you know) the challenger's privilege to elect his weapon.

"At the delivery of the sword, which was performed by sir John Heidon, it pleased the lord Bruce to chuse my own: and then, past expectation, he told sir John, that

duelling, we must not hope for the entire abolition of it; nay, we have the greatest reason

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he found himself so far behind-hand, as a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and therefore he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words) that so worthy a gentleman and my friend could not stand by, and see him do that which he must to satisfy himself and his honour.

"Hereupon sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, to be now prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The lord for answer only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon sir John, leaving him the sword he had elected, delivered me the other with his determinations.

"The which, not for matter, but manner, so moved me, as though, to my remembrance, I had not for a long time eaten more liberally than at dinner, and therefore unfit for such an action (seeing the surgeons hold a wound upon a full stomach much more dangerous than otherwise), I requested my second to certify to him, I would presently decide the difference; and therefore he should presently meet me on horseback, only waited on by our surgeons, they being unarmed.

"Together we rode, but one before the other, about two English miles: and then passion having so weak an enemy to assail as my discretion, easily became victor; and using his power, made me obedient to his commands:

to be apprehensive of its gaining ground. The punctilious nicety of that honour which the

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I being verily mad with anger, that lord Bruce should thirst after my life with a kind of assuredness; seeing I came so far, and needlessly, to give him leave to regain his lost reputation.

"I bade him alight, which with all willingness he quickly granted; and there in a meadow, ancle-deep in water at the least, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts we began to charge each other: having before commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves at a pretty distance from us; conjuring them besides, as they respected our favours or their own safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasure, we being fully resolved (God forgive us!) to dispatch each other by what means we could.

"I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short; and in drawing back my arm I received a great wound therein, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting: but in revenge I prest in to him, though I then missed him also, and then received a wound in my right pap, which past both through my body and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling, my hand having but an ordinary glove on it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest [*the little finger*]; which having hung by a skin, to sight yet remaineth as before, and I am in hope one day to recover the use of it again.

"At last, breathless, yet keeping our holds, there past

duellist takes for his guide, is apt to refine itself perpetually, by framing new distinctions.

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on both sides propositions of quitting each other's swords. But when amity was dead, confidence could not live; and who should quit first was the question, which on neither part either would perform: and wrestling again afresh, with a kick and a wrench together I freed my long-captivated weapon; which instantly levelling at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded if he would ask his life, or yield his sword; both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do.

" Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, (having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint,) and he courageously persisting not to accord to either of my propositions; through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but with his avoiding missed my aim, yet passed through the body; and drawing out my sword, repassed it again through another place, when he cried, 'Oh! I am slain!' seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But he being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him upon his back; when being upon him, I redemanded if he would request his life: but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate, to be beholden for it, bravely replying—'he scorned it;' which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down, until at length his surgeon afar off cried out—'he would immediately die, if his wounds were not

If it be indeed a virtue, or the mark of a virtuous mind, to take offence at every unjust provocation, at every instance of neglect and contempt; a person may feel a stronger consciousness of virtue, in proportion as he finds himself more easily offended. Hence every person of quick sensibility, who does not disapprove of duelling, will be rather inclined to add some-

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stopped:' whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, counting it inhuman to rob a dead man; for so I held him to be.

"The matter being thus ended, I retired to my surgeon; in whose arms after I had remained a while, for want of blood, I lost my sight; and withal, as I then thought, lost my life also. But strong water, and his diligence, quickly recovered me; when I escaped from a very great danger:—

"Lord Bruce's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his lordship's sword; and had not mine with my sword interposed, I had been slain by those base hands: although my lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage (which was undoubtedly noble) cried out, 'Rascal, hold thy hand!'

"So may I prosper, as I have dealt sincerely with you in the relation, which I pray you with this Letter to deliver to my lord chamberlain."

Louvain, Sept. 8, 1613.

thing to the niceties of the fashionable honour; and no one with whose principles that honour is consistent, will dare to think of retrenching its influence. Upon the whole, therefore, we must expect that, if left to itself, it will gather strength rather than decline.

THE science of quarrelling was studied with great accuracy in the sixteenth century. Lord chancellor Bacon, in his speech above-mentioned, takes notice of some French and Italian pamphlets upon the doctrine of duels; which, he gives us to understand, contained such regulations as it was necessary for those to observe, who professed the honour then fashionable.

IT is said, that cases of honour were collected with great minuteness: that *lies* were distinguished into thirty-two different sorts; and that the precise satisfaction suited to each, was marked out*.

* SHAKSPEARE has pleasantly ridiculed this custom in his comedy of As you Like It, by a ludicrous narrative and explanation which he puts into the mouth of his clown, Touchstone (see Act 5, Scene 4, of that charming play). It is too long to be here transcribed; but is well worth referring to. And to this the commentators on the passage have added some curious information on the subject.

COMPARED with this, the present fashionable honour happily shows but a moderate degree of refinement; yet we cannot too strongly guard against its natural tendency to multiply pernicious subtleties, and to spread its influence in the world. The most recent experience crowds instances upon us, which afford strong proof of such a tendency, and excite an anxious curiosity after the consequences.

EVERY attempt to place the principles (good or bad) of human actions in a just light, must be favoured by all who wish well to mankind.

To remove a false glare from a dazzling vice; to restore to its ancient lustre a species of virtue, which lies buried in the rust of neglect; these are works, which, if they could be accomplished, would not fail of appearing meritorious to the thinking part of the world.

To prevent quarrels and sending challenges in the army, it is ordered by the Articles of War, that—

"No officer shall use any reproachful or provoking speeches or gestures to another; upon pain of being put in arrest, and of asking pardon of the party offended, in the presence of his commanding officer.

"No officer shall presume to give or send a challenge to any other officer to fight a duel, upon pain of being cashiered.

"If any officer commanding a guard, shall knowingly and wilfully suffer any person whatsoever to go forth to fight a duel, he shall be punished as a challenger: and likewise all seconds, promoters, and carriers, of challenges in order to duels, shall be deemed as principals, and be punished accordingly.

"All officers, of what condition whatsoever, have power to quell all quarrels, frays, and disorders, though the persons concerned should belong to another regiment; and to order officers into arrest, until their proper superior officers shall be acquainted therewith; and whosoever shall refuse to obey such officer (though of an inferior rank), or shall draw his sword upon him, shall be punished at the discretion of a general court-martial.

"If any officer shall upbraid another for refusing a challenge, he shall himself be punished as a challenger: and his majesty acquits and discharges all officers of any disgrace, or opinion of disadvantage, which might arise from their having refused to accept of challenges; as they will only have acted in obedience

to his orders, and done their duty as good soldiers who subject themselves to discipline*."

* ARTICLES OF WAR, Sect. vii.

THIS being the only occasion which presents itself of alluding to the Articles of War, it may not be unacceptable to introduce here a few words on an interesting subject connected with them.

TOWARD the close of the parliamentary session in the last year (1808), it was stated by one of the members during a debate, as a thing universally understood, that soldiers had in all cases a right of appeal from the sentence of a regimental to a general court-martial. A somewhat extraordinary instance however occurred in the camp at Barham Downs, in 1796.—A man was sentenced by a regimental court-martial. His case appeared a very hard one, being connected with something personal between two officers of the regiment; and when brought into the circle, and the proceedings read, he appealed to a general court-martial. The colonel, however, told him he must FIRST receive this sentence; and ordered him to strip. The man's captain now stepped out, and supported his appeal; but the colonel's answer was the same, and the punishment was inflicted. The captain brought the affair before major-general Norton (commanding), who decided that the colonel's conduct had been right.

This was thought very unjust in the regiment; but on a reference to the Articles of War, it was found that the only case in which the word Appeal is mentioned, is [Sect. XII. Art. ii.] *concerning a regimental court-martial which has been summoned on the complaint of a soldier against his captain,*

HAVING had occasion to mention the subject of Religion, I will conclude this Letter by some short observations respecting your conduct in this important point.

LET me urge you, my dear son, to make a sentiment of religion the constant associate of your military duties. Many illustrious examples prove that it is in no degree irreconcileable with the character of a perfect soldier.

THE great Gustavus Adolphus never engaged in any battle, without first praying at the head of the troops he was about to lead toward the enemy; sometimes using a book, and sometimes extempore. This being done, he used to thunder out, in a strong and energetic manner, some German hymn or psalm, in which he was followed by his whole army: (the effect of this chant, with thirty or forty thousand voices in unison, was wonderful and terrible).—Immediately before the battle of Lutzen, which

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Hence it would appear, that Appeals may in *no other cases* be claimed.

That the opinion of the colonel, however, had not been founded on any immediate recollection or knowledge of the *law* on the subject, was evident from his saying after the punishment: "Now, captain B——, you MAY have a general court-martial for your man, if you choose."

proved fatal to himself but so honourable to his army, he vociferated the translation of the forty-sixth Psalm, made by Luther when he was a prisoner in the fortress of Cobourg, which begins "God is our strength." The trumpets and drums immediately struck up, and were accompanied by the whole army. To this succeeded a hymn composed by Gustavus himself. The word given by the king for that day was "God be with us*."

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* A LIVELY continental traveller, who wrote soon after the termination of the American war, gives the following, absurd and ludicrous specimen of military discipline among the *Germans*. The statement rests entirely upon his authority.

"I HAVE seen the troops here" [at Mannheim], says Dr. Moore, "perform their exercise every morning on the parade. I was a good deal surprised to observe, that not only the movements of the soldiers' musquets and the attitudes of their bodies, but also their devotions, were under the direction of the major's cane. The following motions are performed as part of the military manœuvres every day, before the troops are marched to their different guards.

"The major flourishes his cane. The drum gives a single tap; and every man under arms raises his hand to his hat. At a second stroke of the drum, they take off their hats, and are supposed to pray. At a third, they finish their petitions, and put their hats on their heads,

AT the battle of Senef, the prince of Condé sent orders to M. de Navailles to be ready to engage the enemy. The messenger found him hearing mass; at which the prince, being enraged, muttered something in abuse of over-pious persons. But Navailles, having performed wonders during the engagement, said, after it, to the prince: "Your highness, I fancy, sees now, that those who pray to God, behave as well in a battle as their neighbours."

The noblest point of view in which Zieten can be considered, is that of a man who invariably entertained the most hallowed regard for religion. Hence the pure source of all his virtues, and all his morality; hence that extreme indifference, that entire self-denial, whenever his own interests came in competition with those of another; hence, from his earliest career of life, when he first began to push his fortune in the world, that uncommon delicacy of character which never allowed him to have recourse to any indirect or disingenuous expedients; and hence, when arrived to the summit of his glory,

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If any man has the assurance to protract his prayer a minute longer than the drum indicates, he is punished on the spot, and taught to be less devout for the future."

that noble serenity of mind, unembittered by reproach—that pure and unalterable felicity—which crowned the evening of his days, and repayed the toils of an useful and well-spent life.

His piety was entirely distinct from all mechanical devotion or superstitious servility. His sentiments of religion were pure and simple. He considered it as an homage due to the Supreme Being; and as long as his health permitted him, he was a constant frequenter of public worship.

At no time, indeed, was he ever neglectful of the duty of prayer; nor did a day pass without his having acquitted himself of it in the silence of his closet, excluded from the observation of the whole world. His prayers were not limited to any fixed periods; he consecrated to that duty his occasional moments of solitude, his watchings, his sleepless hours.

EVERY quality too, which is enjoined by christianity as a virtue, says a modern author, is recommended by politeness as an accomplishment. Gentleness, humility, deference, affability, and a readiness to assist and serve on all occasions, are as necessary in the composition of a true christian, as in that of a well-bred man.

Passion, moroseness, peevishness, and supercilious self-sufficiency, are equally repugnant to the characters of both; who differ in this only—that the true christian really is, what the well-bred man pretends to be, and would still be better if he was.

LETTER XIX.

ON TRUE AND FALSE GLORY.

THERE is a species of false glory, which though both dangerous and ridiculous, is common among military men; I mean, the wish to be distinguished in the corps for expence and parade. The man of rank thinks himself degraded, if he does not make a more considerable figure than those of his comrades whom he deems inferior to him. He that has money, and whom therefore our present degeneracy of manners places nearly upon a level with the nobility of the kingdom, fancies that he cannot maintain the newly-acquired consequence of his family, but in making a brilliant display of his wealth. The other officers, too, readily perceive that the public almost always proportions its respect and esteem to the greater or less extent of this display; and every day hear it said, that such a one makes a great figure, and lives in style, without reflecting how little these lofty expressions contain. They would do well

to remember, however, that this object of admiration is commonly the man, beyond all others, the least qualified for the army; that he who makes what is called a figure, is no other than a spendthrift, who ruins both his health and his fortune; and that he who lives, as it is termed, in style, has frequently recourse to means the most dishonourable to support this appearance, and is perpetually on the rack to conceal from his comrades the disgrace which he dreads, and which his creditors are justly preparing for him. A young officer, without wisdom or experience, thinks he shall be despised by his corps, if he does not pursue the same course as his comrades; and this ridiculous apprehension plunges him into debauchery and misery. Despise this false glory, my son: this is not the passion of those officers whom I wish you to take for your model. Luxury, extreme attention to dress, unnecessary display of equipage and the delicacies of the table, are evidences only of vanity, and can confer consequence in the eyes of none of those whose good opinion is worth acquiring. What folly can be compared to that of ruining ourselves for the sake of appearing great? This is to purchase, at a desperate rate, the contempt

of the army. After an ostentation, as short as it is ridiculous, and transient as it was false, these unhappy victims of their own misconduct must be content to languish in wretchedness, without any consoling recollections under their misfortunes.

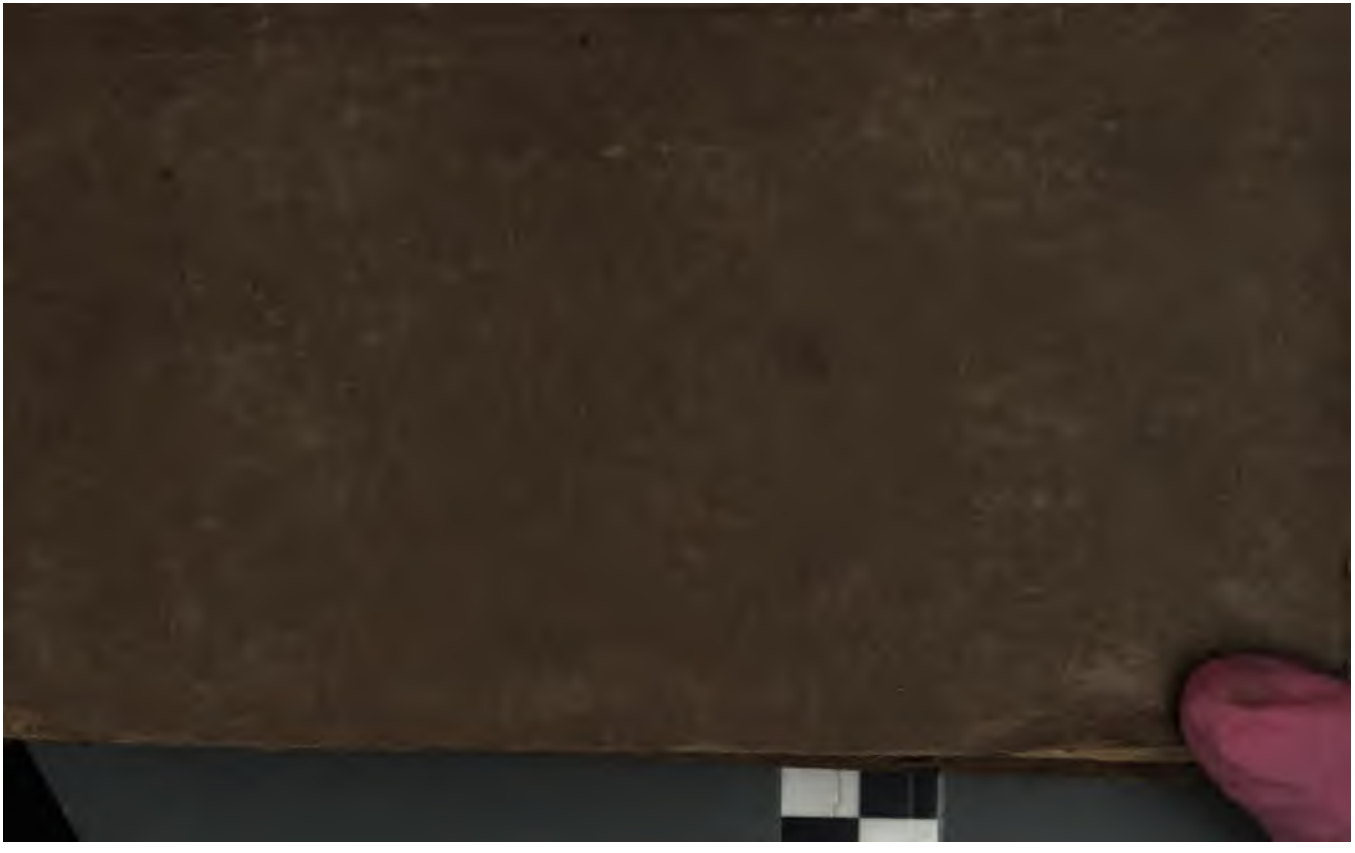
We see, indeed, too many instances of young men who, with the best natural dispositions and characters, yield to the seductive influence of example. They do that at first from weakness and good-tempered compliance, which their better feelings disapprove; and unhappily are often brought to the habitual excesses, which so much distinguish and disgrace the lives of those whom they make their models. A young officer, on first entering his corps, cannot exercise too much caution in guarding against those snares, which are the more dangerous, from being represented to him as customs that can no way be dispensed with. Xenophon was accused of timidity, because he would not venture his money at play. "I confess," he acknowledged, "I am very timid; for I dare not commit a bad action." If you do not possess this firmness, I can have little to hope, either from your natural disposition, your education, or even your rectitude. How many young men have joined the

army, impressed with the noblest principles; and, from the very first steps of their career, have rapidly fallen to disgrace and infamy!

Do not, I conjure you, my son, confound that condescension and modesty which is one of the greatest attractions of society, and which is always followed by the esteem of the wise and the good,—do not, I entreat you, confound this amiable spirit, with the servile and fatal compliance which is ready, on every occasion, to sacrifice and renounce its own principles, and to adopt the vices of those whose chief wish is to procure accomplices in that libertinism by which alone they are rendered conspicuous. Be firm against such wretched examples; to snares like these oppose a vigorous resolution; and believe me, you will by these means compel the most headstrong, and those who are most anxious for bringing you over to their party, to envy the wisdom and discretion that preserve you.

TRUE glory is acquired by serving the cause of our country, in which we are engaged, by every honourable means in our power, even though they should be such as may at first appear to hurt our private feelings.—General Burgoyne was posted in Portugal, with a body of six thousand British and some Portuguese

troops, on the banks of the Tagus, to dispute the passage of that river with the whole Spanish army. The count De Lippe, generalissimo of all the forces and auxiliaries of Portugal, found it of so much importance to throw every possible obstacle in the way of the enemy, that he sent orders to Burgoyne to defend the pass to the last man. If, however, he found it impossible to withstand the Spaniards, he was to abandon to them his camp, his artillery, and provisions, except as much of the latter as his men could carry at their backs, and retreat as slowly as he could to the mountains on his left, whence he was to join the main army in small detachments. The count accompanied the order with these words: "I know to how severe a trial I expose the feelings of a gallant officer, when I order him to abandon his camp to the enemy; but the nature of the service requires such a sacrifice. Do you execute the orders: I will take the measure on myself; and justify you in the sight of the world."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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